

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1975

75 CENTS

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**Federal Energy Administration, Energy Information Center—(Sept. 1976). 24-hour Trial at participating dealers only.

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To the 3,000,000 people who started smoking this year.

Despite all the arguments against smoking, one simple fact remains. Last year, three million people started to smoke.

This year, the criticism will continue. And next year, too. But after all is said and done, another three million people will probably start smoking.

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Cover photograph by Tony Truilo

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The pro game has come indoors, six men to a side on hockey rink-size pitches bounded by boards off which players bounce both the ball and themselves. The result: such furious action that substitutes must be inserted every few minutes and more goals are scored than you have fingers.

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FIVE FACES OF EVE These days the woman athlete is not always sure whether she should be ruthless or relaxed. Pat Jordan pays a visit to Penn State where a hockey coach gently admonishes: 'Fight, Ladies, Fight!'

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It did not seem all that unusual when Staff Photographer Walter Ioss Jr. recently appeared in the office only hours after marrying Evelyn Fause, a former model from The Netherlands. The unconventional and unexpected make Ioss (rhymes with gross) what he is: very cool, very hip and very professional. Two examples of his work are the L.A. Open coverage on page 14 and the Spring Training essay on page 30.

"Walter likes to do things in a different way," says Jim Cummings, a former apartment mate and a photographer himself. The differences include approach, for Ioss is one of the last photographers to arrive at an event and one of the most meagerly equipped when he gets there. "I lose my edge if I sit around waiting," he explains, "and I never carry more than two cameras, because mobility is the key. If I can get to a spot before anyone else, I'll get the unusual picture others will miss."

In his 13 years working for SI, Ioss has produced 85 covers, some of our finest action shots, notable essays and not a few controversial pictures, including those in the recent bathing suit issue.

Ioss was born 31 years ago in Temple, Texas, but did most of his growing up in East Orange, N.J., where he in-

terrupted stickball games to take his first sports action pictures. Now he and his wife and their foxhound Waldo live in a spacious apartment on Manhattan's Riverside Drive, where plants and scenic photographs abound in an effort "to bring the outdoors indoors." He is keenly interested in music, not unusual for the son of a bass player who toured with Benny Goodman. When he travels he is never without his tapes, and at home he has six recorders, two turntables, two amplifiers, a mixer and some 600 albums and singles. Now and then, in fanciful flights as Soul Foot or Mr. R & R, Ioss will simulate radio programs in which he plays music and conducts interviews with visitors to his studio: Henry and Nancy, Roy and Trigger, King Faisal.

This breezy approach to life has helped him get close to such ordinarily aloof people as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Dick Allen, and even hyperactive Lee Trevino was so at ease during a cover session that he dozed off. Ioss' concomitant ability to work hard and skillfully has gained him assignments to illustrate various books, among them Walt Frazier's *Rockin' Steady: A Guide to Basketball & Cool*, a natural for this super loose, super hoop fan.

Walter insists that "photography is the only thing in life I do not compromise on. If I'm covering a big game I'll go to bed early the night before. I stayed out late once to take a debutante to see Smokey and the Miracles, but never again. I wound up getting the cover but it was an accident."

The apparent paradox—flip personality, serious worker—is perhaps best explained by Associate Editor Roy Blount Jr. "We were supposed to meet Dick Allen at Santa Anita to see him with his horses," Blount says, "but we were lost for half a day. Some people might have been worried but not Walter. I think he liked it. If you know you're going to be ready for the vivid moments, you can enjoy the idle ones."



IOSS: HIP, FLIP AND PROFESSIONAL

Sack Meyer

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BOOKTALK

by JM HARRISON

A WRITER LOSES HIS WAY IN CLOUDS OF THEORY ABOUT THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

Years ago, when I was an unemployed carpenter in a small town in northern Michigan, the otherwise sensible owner of a gas station slipped me a book with a conspiratorial look in his eye. I showed it in my coat, assuming it was naughty, but when I slipped it out at the tavern I saw it was called *Chorosi of the Gods*. At first I misread "Gods" for "Gobs," and assumed it would be about some sailors on a rotuous shore leave in ancient Rome. No such luck. The book insisted that there was evidence that we had been visited by extraterrestrial beings who left marks of their journey in dozens of locations, especially in Peru.

I admit I am glibbie, being a poet with scarcely a hard fact in my brain. But I balk at outright nonsense unless it is meant to be funny or a con or hype. Now my credulity is being pushed by yet another book in this lineage called *The Bermuda Triangle*, by Charles Berlitz of the family of language whizzes (Doubleday, \$7.95). We may presume Berlitz to be an intelligent man—the jacket says he knows 30 languages—though his command of English is less than elegant.

The book examines various explanations of the disappearance of ships and planes in a roughly triangular area off Florida, spanning Bermuda, the Bahamas, Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Florida Keys. This is a well-known and puzzling phenomenon that has been investigated by the Navy and Coast Guard. Some ships have returned to report strange experiences in The Triangle, but many simply vanished. Included is an account of the flight of five TBM Avenger torpedo bombers that disappeared on a routine run out of Fort Lauderdale in 1945 and of the Martin Mariner with a crew of 13 that searched for them. It also disappeared without a trace. Dozens of other equally mysterious examples are given.

The first half of the book is fascinating reading, dealing as it does simply with the facts. Unfortunately, the second half is a hodgepodge of time wars, UFOs, strange lore of the deeps and the myth of Atlantis, not omitting the Edgar Cayce notion that an ancient civilization left a giant "crystal" deep in the ocean when, through the forces of antigravity and magnetism, plays havoc with navigational equipment.

Maybe I suggest we let Berlitz drift off there in a dinghy with a 10-year supply of dump, damp soda crackers so that he may test these theories. **END**

MI

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Entertainment

by FRANK DEFORD

PETER SHAFFER'S 'EQUUS' CELEBRATES THE HORSE AS AN AWESOME PAGAN IDOL

When considering the adolescent crush on horses, many of us tend to think of young girls—National Velvet. With his new Broadway play, *Equus*, the British writer Peter Shaffer obliges us to examine the possibility that these beautiful, entrancing animals may bewitch men as well.

Shaffer's drama focuses on a young man named Alan, who in the midst of his urban environment develops a deep love of horses. The boy is "a modern citizen for whom modern society doesn't exist," and horses become mythic creatures to him. In a demented moment, after unsuccessfully making love to a girl in a stable, he is convinced the horses are staring at him accusingly, and he puts their eyes out. Shaffer plays too much with the old chestnut that crazy people are really sane and sane people insane, but nothing in the whole play struck me so much as his psychiatrist's final bitter-sweet assessment of the young man's future. Alan's sanity will only be regained, the psychiatrist believes, when he transfers his affection to a more normal object—a motor scooter and then a car—when at last a horse is merely something "to put the odd 50 pence on."

Shaffer is right on the button. We don't think people are at all crazy if they go bananas over an automobile, which may be a large part of our problem today. The road to hell is paved—period. And the horse, because his function has been usurped by the automobile, is seen only in distant, impersonal profile, as in crossing a finish line, numbered. We modern citizens never peer head-on into those coal-black eyes that seem to hold the depths of eternity—the ultimate thing that drives Alan cuckoo. Those eyes.

The playwright has based his work on a bizarre episode that actually happened with a boy and horses. But it occurred to me that our popular culture leaves all young boys with a wish, a century wish if you will, for being one with a horse. Roy Rogers and Trigger, Gene Autry and Champion. When we were kids, these, not the Yankees or 49ers, were our first teams. Then Emiliano Zapata and his great white steed in romantic history, Robert E. Lee and Traveller in real history. Everywhere, the man and his horse. We never think of the man and his car unless he is killed in it.

It is all very easy to laugh about the cowboy's love of horse instead of lady, but since that is one distinct choice all of us little boys have, maybe it really isn't a laughing mat-

ter. A woman literary agent told me not long ago, "It's awful. All you American heterosexual males have no passion." At the racetrack, it often seems that horseplayers are not just angry at the little men who get to ride horses, but also jealous of them. They scream at jockeys in a more personally abusive way than at other athletes. With the economy demanding that cars serve our gaudy fantasies less and less, and more and more be built just as vehicles, as they are known at the Army, there may soon be more Alans among us. Maybe the horse is going to make a comeback, trauma-wise anyway.

I don't think for a moment that this is what Shaffer wanted us to ponder—or even imagined that anyone would. He was writing a psychological why-does-it, not moonlighting as a P.R. man for horses. Still, even



though I had some strong reservations about *Equus* as drama, *Equus* as theater is fascinating—and largely because of the horses. They are portrayed by actors dressed phib, in pants and sweaters, with high shined cleps and stark, hard-edge horseheads. And yes, with only this simple costuming, the actors absolutely portray horses, performing amazingly equine-like movements. Certainly not since Zero Mostel turned into a rhinoceros before our very eyes, simply by roaring and posturing as rhinos do, have we seen anything on Broadway like the animals of *Equus*. Special praise must go to a handsome young actor from Kansas named Everett McGill, who plays the lead horse. I have bet on horses who performed less like horses than Mr. McGill.

TND

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CREIGHTON

THE BOYS OF WINTER

If all National Hockey League playoff series under the new, extended format go the limit, the final championship game will be played on May 29, possibly in Atlanta.

SCHOOL AND SPORT

It has become something of a tradition for school boards faced with tough budgetary decisions to single out athletics for the supreme sacrifice. The threat to do away with extracurricular sports unless the taxpayers support a balanced educational program and such other enriching activities as band and theater generally brings them around to the board's point of view.

Eventually, this probably will be the outcome in San Francisco, where the board recently voted 6-1 to remove \$300,000 from the budget and cancel spring varsity competition for senior and junior high schools in basketball, swimming, fencing, golf, and track and field. As is true in most such cases, the issues are not clearcut. Most of the \$300,000 was ticketed as overtime pay for coaches, who were accused by former board chairman Dr. Eugene Hopp of performing their duties only for the money. That, of course, is part nonsense, but it is true that the coaches' association, described as a powerful lobby by Dr. Hopp, did refuse to go along with a revamping of the school day that would either cut back on the coaches' teaching hours to avoid overtime pay for after-school work, or combine some phys ed classes with varsity practice.

But California schools without sports? That is like Oxford without a library. People in the city responded magnanimously, pledging enough money to retain a full sports program until the fall. Unfortunately, generous as the outpouring has been, it did not restore funds for the library, the music department, etc. that had already been eliminated, or even guarantee sports in the next school year. A better solution must be found.

Whatever it is, it probably will—and should—entail compromise and belt tightening by athletic departments on a par with those undertaken by other specialized staffs. And the board should—and based on past experience in other cities, will—come up with permanent financing. Sport is a vital part of the educational process and cannot be left to voluntary contributors whose enthusiasm is bound to wane under the stress of successive fund drives.

DIAL I FOR IMAGE

The North American Soccer League's Tampa Rowdies, the team that gave us the memorable slogan, "Soccer is a kick in the grass," has struck again. Its new telephone number is 961-RACK. Oh, if the Rowdies can only play.

PEARL OF A PROJECT

Algae to oyster to seaweed is the triple play of the moment at the Environmental Systems Lab, part of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. Sewage from which inorganic matter (metals, etc.) has been removed is mixed with equal parts seawater in six 35,000-gallon tanks, where the temperature is controlled. In the resultant rich environment single-celled plants (algae) grow and reproduce madly, cleaning out troublesome wastes like nitrates, phosphates and ammonia even as they prosper. The algae are then fed to hungry oysters awaiting their dinner in long "animal raceways," a few steps away from the algae ponds. In addition to dining sumptuously on the algae, the oysters further filter the seawater mix, which then travels to other raceways housing marketable seaweeds such as hyacinth and Irish moss. The seaweeds in turn filter out the oyster's wastes, and the water by then is squeaky clean.

The brainchild of Marine Biologist John H. Rhyther, the ESL is a pilot plant for a system intended for residential areas where the sewage does not contain the heavy metals of industrial plants.

Variations on the basic theme are being pursued constantly. One promising line of investigation involves heated waters discharged by energy plants. It is hoped that eventually they can be used to control the temperatures of the algae ponds and animal raceways, another step in the process of converting harmful waste products to use.

DIVINE EMPATHY

Rev. Michael Sheridan, S.J., vice-president of Creighton University, was listening to a delayed broadcast of the school's basketball win over Bradley when he wondered aloud, "Why am I so nervous? I know how this comes out."

Said a fellow Jesuit: "Now you know how God must feel."

THESE ARE LOOK-ALIKES

Wyn Sargent, the Californian who married an Indonesian chieftain in order to get warring rivals together for a celebra-

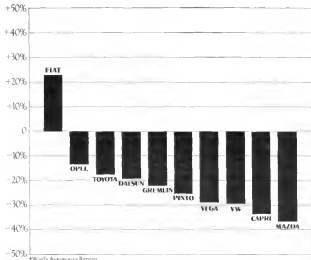


tion and peace, is back from West Irian (formerly Netherlands New Guinea), and the news—as Sargent sees it—is all good. Far from being savages who will boil you in a pot, the Dani tribesmen, she reports, are very much like Americans. For instance, the Dani have two kinds of war: one serious, one recreational.

Seem familiar? If not, it may help to know that in Sargent's mind the recreational Armageddon plays out to something akin to a National Football League game. "They yell and scream and holler and charge around and shoot arrows," she says, but the arrows have no feathers and are mostly inaccurate and harm-

—continued

**PERCENTAGE CHANGE IN RETAIL SALES OF LEADING SMALL CARS.
(1974 vs. 1973)***



There must be a reason.

In one of the worst years in automotive history, how do you explain Fiat having the best year in its history?

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The explanation is not really that difficult.

Many Americans have simply given up on big, expensive, gas-guzzling, inefficient cars.

The idea of the car as a status symbol has heard its death rattle.

What Americans have started looking for instead is practical, intelligent, sensible transportation. And that's just what we offer.

By looking above, however, you'll notice that Americans haven't turned to everyone's

small car.

You see, people don't want to give up everything for practicality. And we don't force them to.

We've found ways of offering people the advantages of big cars without the disadvantages of small ones.

Our cars don't make you feel cramped or claustrophobic. They have good acceleration. Their handling is nothing short of extraordinary.

Our cars are economical. But they're by no means Spartan. Instead of loading them down with gadgetry, we've given them things that make them perform better. Things you don't find in cars costing hundreds, even thousands of dollars more. Front-wheel drive, all-independent

suspensions, transverse-engines, front-disc brakes.

Little by little, we're starting to see other manufacturers emulate our kind of car. A few are coming out next year. Some in 1978. But for now, if you want all of what we've got, we're the only game in town. And the figures show it.

FIAT

Our time has come.



less. "A fellow might get hurt," she adds, "but he hardly ever dies."

Oh, one more thought. The fun wars are to propitiate dead ancestors. Serious wars, presumably, are for creating dead ancestors to be propitiated.

A GARDEN OF WELL-VERSED WOMEN

Women's basketball came to Madison Square Garden last Saturday, and the excitement it generated suggests that New Yorkers had discovered something novel. They had, too, although that idea itself must be novel to, say, Iowans, who for years have jammed arenas 15,000 strong to watch the girls' high school state championship tournament.

The Garden game featured the Mighty Maes of Immaculata against Queens, the team from Long Island that last March broke Immaculata's 35-game winning streak 57-56. Prodded by a 30-second shooting clock, the women played a fast and patterned offense, mixing set shots with driving layups.

Debbie Mason of Queens, the all-time Eastern women's scoring leader, electrified the crowd of 11,969 with her adept dribbling and timely assists. Off to a slow start, the Maes stayed in the game with the aid of a balanced offense, provided primarily by sophomores and freshmen. They won 65-61, as announcer and ex-pro Cal Ramsey praised both teams for their defense and the bubbling audience dwindled to a hardcore of 4,000, who stayed to watch the men of Fairfield beat the men of the University of Massachusetts 78-67. Something old, something borrowed, and, as Iowans could tell anybody, nothing new.

THE RITES AND WRONGS OF SPRING

Back in the '50s when he was leading Georgia Tech to six straight bowl victories, Bobby Dodd was something of a maverick in the coaching profession. He became famous, for instance, for his soft practices before the bowl trips. Often his players were engaged in volleyball when their opponents were slugfests in some brutal practice pit.

Not long ago he was talking about spring practice, which even now is gearing up on college campuses. Dodd is against it, mostly on behalf of the players themselves. "I hated it when I was at Tennessee," he says. "Spring practice is grueling, and to hold it just puts too much emphasis on football the year around."

"What I would do is simply bring the

boys back a few days earlier in the summer to get ready for the first game. Today you have freshmen who report two weeks before the first game and are ready to play."

"I think the boys should be allowed to do what they want in spring. When I was coaching, once a boy played a lot of football for me in the fall, he was free in the spring. I wanted him to play baseball or run track or play golf or tennis."

"Spring practice doesn't help that much. Boys get better from one year to another because they mature, they get older, bigger, stronger and smarter. If they didn't see a football from December to September, I doubt that it would make any difference."

"A lot of coaches disagree with me. I didn't do away with spring practice for the same reason some won't now. They can't get everybody else to go along. I understand that. If I'd stopped, and lost a game or two I shouldn't have, people would have started looking around for a coach who would hold spring practice. Frankly, I think one reason some coaches don't want to do away with it is because they enjoy it. They actually are lost without it."

... AND RIGHTING THE WRONGS

No less an iconoclast is Joe Paterno, the Penn State coach whose calls for cuts in the high cost of college football have received wide circulation. Paterno aired his views again last week for an NCAA media seminar in North Carolina, running the gamut from 1) a return to one-platoon football, to 2) integrating a majority of the coaching staff into the university community as teachers, coaches of other sports and aides to development and alumni groups, to 3) a ban on visits to prospects' homes by head coaches. ("If I go into a kid's town, it becomes a big thing there. Woody Hayes has to come in, then Bo Schembechler. . .")

But he ranged far beyond the economics of his game. "Athletic dorms are cheating the student-athlete of his college life," he said. "Coaches are restricting their players, putting in curfews. The NCAA should now move in, give the kid everything he is supposed to get out of his college life. The term student-athlete is really a joke. . . ."

"I think basically our job is protecting the game for the youngsters who play it. It's got to be a meaningful experience for them, something they enjoy and

something they get some good out of, or we can never defend the game no matter how much money we make."

Paterno had more to say, but he had to cut his stay short. He was leaving for New Jersey to visit a big, talented tackle. He has not yet found a way out of the web he detests.

SEVEN-MONTH SWITCH

For months the Baltimore couple had searched for their valuable purebred dog, which had vanished. Then shortly before 12 one night recently the phone rang. "Your dog is at my home and you can come and get him," a woman who got the number from the dog's collar said. "My husband brought him here about seven months ago and now he cares more for him than he does me. I want the animal out of our house."

FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS

Obviously, this is just a sign of the times, but before our moment of glory is drowned in a crescendo of boos, let it be recorded that the forecasters most trusted by the American public are sportswriters and sports announcers. Next come weather-persons and the Jimmy-the-Greek types who set odds on sporting events. They are followed by political prognosticators and horoscope preparers. Economists and stockbrokers bring up the rear.

Bearers of these joyful tidings are R.H. Bruskin Associates, market researchers from New Jersey who have taken a national sampling of 2,536 adults. While we never seem to sample adults with similar opinions, we accept our lordly station humbly and try not to think where we will be at the first sign of prosperity—probably exchanged for the brokers.

THEY SAID IT

• Jesse Owens, on how he felt after his last world record, 6.6 for the indoor 60-meter dash, was broken: "A little sad, like losing a member of the family."

• Dr. Menahem Lesh, soccer coach at Adelphi, responding to criticism of the foreign players in his lineup: "We start seven naturalized citizens. They are as American as Henry Kissinger."

• Rex Hughes Jr., Kent State basketball coach, after 51 personal and three technical fouls were called against his team: "I have no comment. Actually, I have four no comments, and four exclamation points to go after them."

END

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1976

WAVE HELLO TO THE FUTURE

The L.A. Open, won by an obscure 24-year-old named Pat Fitzsimons, showed that even as Miller chases Nicklaus hungry youngsters are chasing him

by DAN JENKINS

Apparently stars are going to keep getting born, in and around Hollywood. Norman Maine will continue to stroll into the ocean until his hat floats, while Esther Blodgett is singing herself into Vicki Lester. Now, listen, Pat Fitzsimons. You're going out on that golf course a simple nobody from Salem, Ore., but you're coming back a winner. See that town down there below Riviera Country Club? It's yours, Pat Fitzsimons. No one can stop you now, kid. Your putter is tap-dancing on destiny.

Strange things are happening this year

Fitzsimons' 64 broke the course record



in professional golf when Johnny Miller is not winning a tournament. They are being won by an odd assortment of individuals. A Gene Littler, coming back from an illness, for example, or a J. C. Snead in a straw hat with a famous uncle, or a Gary Groh, who had never won before. And now this 24-year-old named Pat Fitzsimons, who last week stunned a great golf course, Riviera, and the strongest field of the new season by overwhelming everybody in the Los Angeles Open.

All the more amazingly, Fitzsimons made it look as if he had been doing this

sort of thing forever: going out before thousands of people and firing a course-record 64 on Saturday, and then coming back for Sunday's final round and standing up coolly, stylishly and unbendingly to a closing rush from a pack of strong players, not the least of whom was Jack (Himself) Nicklaus.

Fitzsimons, who had little to recommend him other than the fact that he had made four cuts last year and had won something like \$10,000, which is what Nicklaus marks his ball with, seized control of the tournament in the third round.

He held a six-stroke lead on the field going into Sunday, but that would not be very secure if, for instance, Nicklaus were to shoot a 65. Fitzsimons, like all Fitzsimonses, was odds-on to go for an 80.

"Sleeping on a six-stroke lead is like looking at a three-foot putt for about five hours, and then finally having to putt it," said Fitzsimons, trying to describe what it was like to hang on the ledge of fame all night.

All he did, however, was continue to box Riviera around. On Sunday he shot a steady one-under 70, and this gave him

continued

Nike's second at L.A. was his fourth finish in the Top Ten.



Watson, who was sixth, led last year's U.S. Open after three rounds.



a 72-hole total of 275, and a four-stroke margin over Tom Kite, who shot a fine 68. Nicklaus' spectacular finish—Jack did shoot 65—gave him third place and a "victory" over Johnny Miller, for those keeping up with the Nicklaus-Miller soap opera.

Fitzsimons has shaggy red hair, wears wire-rimmed glasses and has a good golf swing. Remarkably, he did not play a single practice round at Riviera. One wondered at first why it took him three days to get from San Diego to L.A., refusing to allow himself a single glance at the tough old course until his 7:15 a.m. starting time on Thursday. Perhaps he had been playing his way up Highway 405. Actually, he had flown to New Orleans to attend a turf convention, a commendable performance for his sponsors on the tour, those genial folks who bring you Penn-cross bent.

"I had several schemes in mind," Fitzsimons said, reflecting on how he spent Saturday night with his lead. "I thought, well, I'm six up and it's match play. I thought maybe I'll just try to shoot a 74. I also thought, why don't I try to go out and attack again? What I finally decided to do was just play one shot at a time."

He did that very well. His only shaky moment came on the next-to-last hole. "For some reason I suddenly got negative on the tee," he said. "I tried to guide the ball." He drove into a terrible uphill lie in a bunker, had to waste a stroke getting out, veered off another wood shot and ultimately reached the green in four with a long wedge. He was now a delicate 20 feet downhill from the cup. You had to think he had started to panic. He could easily three-putt and then do something equally horrible on Riviera's rugged 18th hole. For the inexperienced, a four-shot lead with two holes to go is not a lock.

But wait. The putt staggered into the cup for a par. Fitzsimons had not lost a thing. In fact, he had in that second won the \$30,000 first prize for sure, something he had started doing the day before when he shot the 64.

"It's a funny thing. To get in a position like this, you don't really think about the money," Fitzsimons said. "I was just sort of conscious of wanting to play well in front of so many people and on television. And I thought if I played well, I could probably win."

If Fitzsimons' incredible seven-hole

explosion on Riviera Saturday made no sense, it was nevertheless typical of what these strong young guys in their mid-20s are capable of. Take 1974, for example. The low 54-hole total of the year was posted by Terry Druhl, who shot 18-under at San Antonio and went on to win for the first time. The low nine holes of the year was 29 blows, and it was shot once by Kite at Doral and again by Tom Watson at Hartford. The most birdies anyone made in a row all season was six, and Johnny Miller didn't do it. A couple of fellows named Gary McCord and Mike McCullough did, at the Crosby and Hope respectively.

Now came Patrick Craig Fitzsimons at Riviera. Golfers will tell you it's impossible to fire four birdies in a row and believe you deserve anything more from a single round. Fitzsimons ignored this. He shot those four birdies, rested with a par, then made an eagle and another birdie.

The feat deserves a bit of detailed description, for it isn't likely that seven such holes will be played on a good golf course the remainder of 1975.

Appropriately, Fitzsimons' streak began at Riviera's 6th hole, a 162-yard par-3 with the bunker set uniquely in the center of the green. Fitzsimons hit a six-iron there and holed the putt from about 13 feet.

The 7th at Riviera is a 403-yard par-4, where you have to aim so far to the left off the tee you feel as if you might end up in a Malibu beach cottage. Walking down the fairway, which slopes to the right, you have to stay hard left or you might disappear forever. Fitzsimons hit a driver, then an eight-iron 30 feet from the cup. It was a dangerous downhill putt, and he admitted he was "only lagging," but it went in.

The 8th hole is a 362-yard par-4 and relatively unthrilling. Fitzsimons drove nicely, hit a wedge up to about 20 feet and dribbled it right in. He said, "I was kind of relaxed on that one."

Riviera's 9th comes back toward the clubhouse, at 407 yards another par-4. He drove in the rough and wedged into a front bunker. That was all right because the pin was impossible, anyway. Close up and tight. His sand shot went into the hole. On a box score it would read: no fairway, no green, birdie.

"Here's where I got pretty excited," Fitzsimons said. "I started thinking, boy, the cameras will be on in a minute."

The 10th was at last routine. Driver, wedge, two putts from 15 feet. But then came the long 11th, a 557-yard par-5. He caught the drive pretty good—and Fitzsimons was driving right up there with Watson all day, which means he has plenty of length.

What Fitzsimons removed from his bag at this point was a relic. He took out a two-wood, a brassie, that thing nobody even carries anymore. Whereupon he hit the brassie out of sight and reached the front edge of the green. The putt for the eagle was a mere 75 feet, and normally a guy only hopes to get within crawling distance of the cup from that distance. Fitzsimons' putt never left the line and dived into the hole.

The last part of the semi-miracle was the birdie at the 12th, a 408-yard par-4. He made this one the way birdies are supposed to be made. Nice drive, six-iron, five feet, good putt.

It was time now for Fitzsimons to seriously consider what he was up to, and he well might have if Watson had not done something that helped take Fitzsimons' wind off his own improbable performance. On the 13th tee Watson was four under par, and the closest challenger to Fitzsimons for the tournament lead. So Watson promptly hit two consecutive drives out of bounds and made a quadruple-bogey 8.

"I felt so sorry for Tom," Fitzsimons said. "But it was a good thing for me because it took my mind off my own round. It was weird. I only started out the round hoping to play decently to impress Watson and Kite, who are contemporaries and friends of mine. And then all of a sudden I'm winning a tournament they're supposed to be winning."

There is a lot of people these days, this whole new wave of talent which seems continually to be on the leader boards. Watson and Kite are nearly always there, even though Kite has yet to win a tournament and Watson has only last summer's Western Open to his credit. John Mahaffey and Len Thompson are others. There are also Allen Miller and Eddie Pearce and Vic Regalado. Each of them is hard at work, trying to become the Ben Crenshaw that Ben Crenshaw has not become.

It is more than possible that this group of young players is the best to hit the tour since the mid-1950s, which produced Arnold Palmer, Billy Casper, Gene Littler, Ken Venturi and Dow

Finsterwald, among others. If these aggressive and rather irreverent newcomers reach the potential they're seeking—the Crenshaws, Watsons, Kites, Mahaffeys, Poirces, and, oh yes, Patrick Fitzsimons—the change that would occur in the tour would be fascinating indeed.

Fitzsimons' 275 tied another Riviera record, one that Ben Hogan set in 1948, back in the days when Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart were in the gallery. Only six events still being played are older: the U.S. and British Opens, the National PGA, the Western Open, the Canadian Open and the Texas Open. Back in the 1920s it was the L.A. Open, following closely after San Antonio, that did much to give rise to what we now think of as the American tour.

Over the almost 50 years of its history, the tournament has been played on just about everything from the classiest of clubs, such as Los Angeles Country Club, Wilshire, Hallett and Riviera, where it returned in 1973, to the back lot of 20th Century-Fox. In the early days

Riviera used to alternate with the other swells, but beginning in 1945 it was the host for nine consecutive years. Those were the days when the tournament produced a few pretty heavy winners—Hogan, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Lloyd Mangrum.

The combination of the game's best players capturing the L.A. Open at glamorous Riviera with Shirley Temple riding around in Bill Stern's sound truck did nothing to dull the luster that pro golf was developing. It was one of the few pre-TV tournaments that were broadcast nationally on radio. People could huddle by the fire at home and fantasize over Rita Hayworth and Katharine Hepburn standing under Riviera's eucalyptus trees in Jug McSpaden's gallery. They could hear Bill Stern saying, "Ben Hogan is preparing to putt, so I'll have to lower my voice," and visualize Hogan glaring at Stern and perhaps saying, "I hope that will be sometime soon."

This is part of the reason why the Los Angeles Open has regained the impor-

ance it once held. Going back to Riviera from 16 years at Rancho Park was like going from junk food to caviar. Among other things, it attracts one of the strongest fields of the year, just as if it were 1948 again and the U.S. Open were back. Last week, for example, only Hubert Green and Gary Player, among the notables, were missing.

As a test of golf Riviera has always rated among the best. It is not quite in the Merion-Pine Valley-Augusta-Pebble Beach division, but it is in there with Winged Foot, Colonial, Medinah, Seminole and a few others.

Moreover, the place still reeks with a certain sort of charm. It has something to do with the rambling clubhouse, multi-leveled, presiding over a canyon that is the golf course, and styled in what might be described as neo-Prado with a hint of silent-film-mogul. In any case, to be at Riviera is to know that you are not at any old stop on the tour, and last week no one appreciated that more than Pat Fitzsimons. **END**

With its return to Riviera in 1973, the Los Angeles Open reestablished itself as the premier tournament on the tour's western swing.



THEY LET THE 'CATS OUT OF THE BAG

Alabama had Kentucky and the SEC title all but wrapped up before Wildcat Kevin Grevey left 'Bama grievein' by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Place the name Wallace on a ballot, and Alabama will vote for it. Turn a football game into a bowl and Alabama will lose it. Take one of the bright new programs in basketball, set it down in pigskin-crazed Alabama, and it seems doomed to experience a miserable combination of both. The Crimson Tide gets plenty of votes in the polls. Then it gets beat.

In 1973 the Alabama basketball team lost at home to Kentucky when victory would have meant the Southeastern Conference championship. A year ago the Tide was defeated on its own court by Vanderbilt under similar circumstances. And last week 'Bama again had everything for the taking in Tuscaloosa: victory over second-place Kentucky, a 14-1 league record and a virtual clinching of the SEC title. Disaster struck once more.

Kentucky's star shooter, Kevin Grevey, who had been benched for what his coach called "gutlessness," returned from exile to score 12 points in the final 11½ minutes and led the Wildcats to an 84-79 victory.

The Kentucky upset rendered meaningless a remarkable performance by 'Bama center Leon (Grandpa) Douglas, who had 34 points, 12 rebounds and five blocked shots, but almost no help from his teammates. Trying to take on the Wildcats alone, he was worn into exhaustion and finally had to leave the game. The 'Cats' victory also demonstrated the effectiveness of the Kentucky bench; reinforcements helped the 'Cats amass 17 more shots and 16 more rebounds than the home team and paced Kentucky's late rally, and the comeback victory threw the SEC race into a deadlock with three games to go.

The fact that both teams will wind up

in this year's expanded NCAA tournament came as no consolation to the Tide. Coach C. M. Newton could only watch in bewilderment as Alabama blew two big leads by throwing the ball away, rushing shots and committing atrocious mental errors. 'Bama's fine senior guard, Charles Cleveland, got into early foul trouble, missed eight of 10 shots and was never a factor. Neither was anyone else except Douglas.

Called Grandpa because—natch—he is so young (20), Douglas whirled, spun, drove and banked the ball for his 13 baskets while impersonating a punching bag



for 34 minutes. Time after time he got up off the floor and missed free throws. Grandpa took himself out with 1:30 left, "Bama behind 78-75 and the game in the balance. He said he was too weak to continue. "I couldn't straighten my arm. I was whipped," he said. Even Newton could not fault him. "Leon was spent," the coach said. "I couldn't ask him to go back in."

Ironically, long before that, Kentucky Coach Joe Hall had refused to put Grevey back in. The 6'5" senior had played without distinction in the first half when the Cats fell behind 40-35. Then Hall

let Grevey have it at intermission: "Gutless. Nambly-pamby on defense. You're being intimidated and you're not helping us."

For the first time in his career Grevey did not start the second half. He sat on the bench as Kentucky fell behind 49-37. But freshmen Rick Robey and Jack Givens, who combined for 27 points, brought the Wildcats to within four. Grevey sat some more as Alabama moved out to a 60-51 lead. He returned to the floor with 11:31 to go. "I'm dumb, but I'm not that dumb," Hall said later. "We needed him."

Indeed, Kentucky did. After Bama scored to stretch its lead to 11, Grevey hit his first second-half shot, a 25-foot jumper. Immediately the Wildcats were visibly revved up and roared ahead 73-69 before Alabama made a nice comeback of its own, tying the game at 73.

On the Tide's next trip down the floor, Kentucky's Bob Guyette stepped in front of Douglas to pick off a pass, and on the ensuing fast break he somehow rammed in a shot while lunging backward toward the basket. Guyette also was fouled and went to the free-throw line to pick up another of his 17 points.

Then Douglas forced an ill-timed shot, and Guyette fired again. This time he launched an air ball, but Grevey raced in from midcourt, caught his teammate's shot knee-high under the basket and curled the ball in to make the score 78-73.

After an Alabama time-out, Cleveland scored on a rebound and Douglas blocked another Guyette shot, but that was the big fellow's last gasp. He wanted out, and with him went the game.

With 45 seconds remaining and the score 78-77, Kentucky worked the ball carefully until Grevey could get open. He wheeled in the lane, faked, went high in the air and lofted in the basket that meant the most.

As competitive as it has become, the Kentucky-Alabama rivalry is not of the you-kick-my-guts-in-before-I-out-your-throat kind. The teams took turns sweeping the series the past two seasons. But even when the games were close, there was never an incident.

The friendliness began long ago with the coaches. Hall and Newton both played at Kentucky, and the Bama

coach spent 12 years in Lexington, Ky., as head man at tiny Transylvania College. Hall became an assistant at UK during that time, and they saw each other often enough to build a jovial relationship.

Asked last week where Bama's weaknesses lay, Hall said, "They start with the dumb coach."

Newton countered with, "I figured we had that advantage."

Any attempt to stir up Alabama meets with stiff resistance anyway, because of the team's steely demeanor. After Kentucky's 74-69 decision over the Tide at Lexington, Robey said he was more impressed with Indiana than Alabama and that the Hoosiers' Kent Benson had been much more effective than Douglas.

"What do you think of that?" The *Tusculum News*' Mike McKenzie asked Douglas, who had managed a measly 27 points and 25 rebounds against Robey and his substitutes.

"Awww, nothin'," said Douglas.

"Doesn't that fire you up?" McKenzie inquired.

"Awwwwww, nawwww."

"Don't you want to eat Robey's lunch?" McKenzie pressed on.

"Awwwwww, nawwww. I'm gonna do that anyway," Douglas concluded.

In comparison, the visiting Wildcats were a highly charged lot. The Kentucky seniors kept calling the game "the last hurrah," and Hall worried about rebounding. "Bama has torpedoes for jumpers," he said.

"Alabama isn't that good outside," Grevey demurred. "We have to be as physical as possible. So what if we foul? They'll make their normal 60% from the line, and our reserves will wear them out."

That is exactly what Kentucky did. And it did it by being especially dominant in that elusive quality known as character. Alabama showed an unwillingness to take the game in hand when it had the opportunity. In the first half Bama had nine one-and-one free throw chances and missed the first shot six times. Of a possible 23 points at the foul line, the Tide made only eight.

Then there was Douglas' intimidation. Grevey's benching, the 12-point lead and all that pressure on the invaders. Still, the home team could not come through.

"I felt we had it won all along," said Guyette. "We've been there before."

So, alas, has Alabama.

END



Kentucky's swarming defense wore Douglas (15) out, but not until he had 24 points.

It had not been a very pleasant road trip for the Celtics. Oh, sure, they had won two games, but they had lost to Kansas City-Omaha, to Seattle and, last Saturday night, to Golden State. By Boston's standard of excellence, that ranks right up there with leaving oysters two days in the sun. Still, if you have won 24 of 28 in enemy arenas, as the Celtics had before this trip, you have to expect that ill fortune will catch up with you somewhere along the line. No matter. The slick green machine was merely allowing the law of averages to have its way for a while before resuming what Boston does best, running the rest of the league dizzy.

"Suddenly, we are out of sync," said Tom Heinsohn, the Boston coach, before the young SuperSonics zapped his defending champions, 121-95. "When we are playing as well as we can, nobody can beat us. But when we aren't, any team in this league can beat us. If just one guy gets out of sync, we're in trouble."

Against Seattle, the Celtics at first looked as though they had their gearbox back in order. The fast break, both pell-mell and precise, was there, swift and numbing. Stunned by Boston's speed, the

A GREEN MACHINE WITH SIX GEARS

Out on the road, Boston had a little transmission trouble—nothing that couldn't be fixed with Celtic spirit and a few spare parts from the bench

by PAT PUTNAM

Sonics spun like pedestrians trapped in five o'clock traffic on a Los Angeles freeway. Nineteen seconds into the second quarter Boston led by 16 points. Twenty-nine minutes and 42 seconds later Boston was behind by 34.

"I made two mistakes," said Heinsohn, confessing that he had relaxed too early. Facing disaster, Seattle Coach Bill Russell had gone to a lineup of four rookies and Slick Watts, a bald second-year guard with no great reputation as a shooter.

"I figured it was over," said Heinsohn, "and so I started to substitute. That was my first mistake. Our starters weren't tired, I should have let them go. Then Seattle ran off 12 straight points before I finally called a time-out. That was my

second mistake. After that, they played like us and we played like them."

Basketball can be a game of momentum, and when the SuperSonics turned the tempo around they rode it until the final play. Tommy Burleson, their 7'2½" rookie who is going to be a fine center because he wants to play, finished with a career high of 28 points. Watts, who had been averaging five points a game, had a career high of 23.

"Who's their third guard?" Heinsohn had asked before the game.

"Rod Derline," someone said.

"Who?"

A 6'4" rookie out of Seattle University and a fine outside shooter, Derline scored 20, his career high. He had been averaging five.

"I learned a few things from this game," said Heinsohn. "One of them was the book on Derline."

Three nights later the Celtics were down in Oakland trying to regroup against the leaders of the Pacific Division whom Boston might meet in the playoffs. The Warriors had had some trouble, losing 13 of 19 games over one stretch. They are another mostly young club, plus Rick Barry, and just before the Celtics arrived in town they had gotten back in stride, winning three of their last four.

Before the game, the Celtics still felt the defeat by Seattle and were restless. "A game like that brings you back to reality," said Paul Silas, the latest to play as Boston's sixth man. "In Seattle we got smacked. A game like that is good for us. It shows that we aren't the greatest team ever. Each time we lose a game we can't wait to play the next one. And usually we blow somebody out."

Historically, Boston's sixth man is the team's second-best forward. Frank Ramsey was the first of the line in the mid-1950s. He was followed in the role by



"The ability to be in a ball game while sitting on the bench" is shared by Westphal and Silas.

John Havlicek. Then came Don Nelson, and now Silas.

"The sixth man has to be so stable a player that he can either instantly pick up a tempo or reverse it," says Heinsohn. "He has to be able to go in and have an immediate dynamic impact. With Ramsey and Havlicek it was easy to see. They went in as shooters. Ramsey would go in and get off five shots in 20 seconds. Nelson would do a job on the board and hit a few hoops. Now Silas takes over with his defense and his rebounds. It's a tough thing. The sixth man has to have the unique ability to be in a ball game while he is sitting on the bench."

For Silas, the assignment was hard to take at first. He came from Phoenix in 1972, in exchange for the rights to Charlie Scott, and the 6'7", 215-pound forward had not only been a starter but an all-star as well. And now he was going to be a substitute?

"The thought of moving to that weather in Boston didn't thrill me, either," says Silas. "And I had heard about the Celtic traditions, the Celtic pride. To be truthful, I thought it was a lot of nonsense. But when I arrived it was amazing. It's almost like a collegiate atmosphere in a pro world—an atmosphere of total sacrifice for the good of the team, on and off the court. It's a way of life. You just fall into it."

Through last Saturday Boston led the Atlantic Division with a record of 41 and 18, second-best in the NBA. Yet not one Celtic is among the top five in rebounds, assists or steals. And you have to go far down the list of scorers before you'll find Havlicek, the Celtics' top point maker. Everybody scores, everybody rebounds, everybody steals, everybody has assists. "Everybody has a role," says Silas. "Mine is to come in off the bench and rebound and play defense. You sacrifice personal glory for the team. Winning is what it is all about and whatever sacrifice it takes, a Celtic is willing. Some teams count on one or two men. We always count on eight or nine or 10 to get the job done. And when that many are coming at you it is tough to handle."

"The first thing you learn as a Celtic is that you're not going to play very much," says Paul Westphal, the third-year guard out of USC. He was Boston's No. 1 draft pick in 1972 and is one of six

first-round draft choices among Boston's top eight players. Add Heinsohn, who was drafted No. 1 out of Holy Cross in 1956, and you have a pretty good measure of the genius of general manager and former coach Red Auerbach over the past 2½ decades.

"Of course, when I came here I thought I would be the exception," Westphal admits. "Like I felt I was ready to play before they let me. But you look at the guys ahead of you and you know they went through the same thing. Heinsohn has a hard job because he has so many guys who can play."

In their roles as the sixth and seventh men, Silas and Westphal have turned more than a few games around after being sprung from the bench. Silas, who replaces 34-year-old Don Nelson, is playing just under 32 minutes a game and has been devastating on defense while averaging 12.6 rebounds, second only to Center Dave Cowens in that category. He has scored an average of 10.4 points a game as well.

Playing just under 20 minutes a game, Westphal, the best one-on-one Celtic, has been replacing Don Chaney, the brilliant defensive guard who plans on moving over to the ABA next season. Westphal is averaging close to 10 points.

"Chaney is the perfect example of Celtic unselfishness," says Westphal. "His job is defense and rebounding. But he likes to score. Yet, I don't think he's had his play called for him once since I've been here. And he's never complained. I think when he goes to St. Louis he'll show he's a good offensive player. And that Nelson—he'll go on forever. I think he'll outlast Havlicek because he doesn't have any ability to lose. He gets by on brains. Until he gets senile, he'll be playing."

And so the Celtics got ready to face the Warriors. As expected, Heinsohn started Nelson and Havlicek at forwards, Cowens at center, with Chaney and Jo Jo White, the man who makes it all work, the guards. This time the Celtics were able to stop nearly everyone except Rick Barry and the officials, who made some unpopular calls against the Warriors early and thereafter appeared to be intimidated by the raging sellout crowd. After one call a few missiles were fired from the stands. A potato missed the Boston

bench and landed in the working area of Johnny Most, who was broadcasting the game back to Boston.

"What kind of nut would bring a potato to a game?" said Most. "A nut who was planning on throwing it, that's who."

With Barry throwing up everything but his socks, the lead seasawed until the final minutes when the Celtics discovered that not only were they coming up short in foul-shot chances, they were barely getting any at all. The Celtics had just one free throw in the final 12 minutes.

At the end it was the Warriors by 114-108, and Barry finished with 42 points. For the Celtics, it was their second straight loss and they headed south for the final game of the trip against Los Angeles, not aware of the fact that not since the 1971-72 season had a Boston team lost three in a row.

END



Nelson, says a teammate, will play forever.

THE SPORT THAT CAME IN FROM THE COLD

Peñís might shudder, but indoor soccer, with six men to a side and played on a hockey-sized field, leads to more action and scoring **by TEX MAULE**

To a soccer purist, it is an abomination. To a goalkeeper, it is a nightmare. But to the fans who have watched the first formal competition in indoor soccer, it is a joy.

Last week, at the Cow Palace in San Francisco, the North American Soccer League staged its fourth mini-tournament leading to the national indoor championships in mid-March, and the crowds, 9,000-plus, were enthusiastic. So were the spectators in Dallas, Rochester and Tampa in previous tournaments. And it is not hard to understand why.

Unlike outdoor soccer, goals come quickly indoors. Unlike basketball, they do not come too quickly. Unlike hockey, they are readily apparent to the naked eye. Unlike pro football, strategy and tactics are simple, easily understood and, at the moment, in a state of flux.

"We are still working out how to use the boards and how to handle substitutions," says Ivan Toplak, coach of the San Jose Earthquakes. Toplak was an assistant coach for the Yugoslavian national team in the 1974 World Cup and was once a world class player himself. He is a quiet, thoughtful student of the game and a bit conservative, but his San Jose club seemed the most skillful of the teams at adapting to the special needs of indoor soccer.

"It is an all-round game," he said after the Earthquakes had demolished the Seattle Sounders 14-4 in Friday night's competition. "Everyone has to attack and everyone has to defend and they have to change in an instant."

In Paul Child, a 22-year-old British transplant from Birmingham who used to play for Aston Villa in England, Toplak has probably the most accomplished indoor soccer player in the world. Child

is extraordinarily good outdoors, too, but the indoor game fits him like a hand-made boot.

"You've got to go the course to know it," he says, "and I've played more indoors than most chaps."

Child is built perfectly for indoor soccer, a game made to order for economy-sized athletes. At 5'9" and 155 pounds, he is small enough for the requisite agility and big enough to pack a wallop when he blocks an opposing player into the boards, a tactic at which he excels. Cheerful and open, he has lived in the U.S. for three years. His wife is a registered riding teacher in England, and eventually they will have their own riding stable in Los Gatos, a small community near San Jose. He cleared 78 acres of woody land and built the stables with his own hands, so that the exigencies of soccer seem easy to him.

"I use the boards as well as anyone," he says. "But, then, back in England we used to play one day a week indoors. I played five a side in White City, in the *London Express* tournament, too. It's a different game and it takes time to learn how to use a wall pass."

Says Ron Newman, coach of the Dallas Tornado who grew up in England in the '30s, "We learned it playing on the cobblestones in the street. We played the ball off the walls of the houses along the lane and got to be quite good at it. Six a side isn't new, either. We used to do that for fun, mate. In the old days, if there weren't more than 12 players and we wanted a scrum, then we went at it six a side. So we all know the game. We

continued

As L.A. attacks the Vancouver goal, fans get a closer look than they would outdoors.







Paul Child of England and San Jose finds his acrobatic shot blocked by the Seattle goalie

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEIKE RUTEMER

I'm running all the time. I don't really mark anyone when I go back, but I hope I hinder them a bit."

The frantic pace makes the game more dangerous than the outdoor version, because there is much more physical contact with other players, the boards and the unforgiving floor. Indoor soccer is played on an artificial turf with a much shorter nap than the artificial turf used for football or baseball, and it is usually laid over either ice or cement, so that it has little or no give. The short, bristly nap is almost as abrasive as sandpaper, and soccer players, except for the goalie, don't wear pads.

"It's a good pitch in some ways," says Child. "The ball runs true, you know, and you have no trouble keeping your feet, but it's not a kind surface when you are put down. I fell over once in practice and got a great burn on my bum. All our lads have the rug burns on them, but I suppose there's no way it can be helped, is there?"

Child got another burn on his bum in the Earthquakes' game against the Seattle Sounders in the Cow Palace. A Sounder had taken advantage of one of the many quick turnarounds that mark the game and had broken free, looking as if he would have a one-on-one shot at the Earthquake goalie. But Child sprinted up from behind and threw himself at the ball, looking for all the world like Lou Brock sliding into second. He prevented an almost certain goal but, unfortunately, he was not sliding in the dirt around second base. The bristles of the artificial surface shaved a saucer-size layer of skin off his hip.

"It smarts a bit," he said after the game, regarding the angry red mark, "but you take that, don't you?"

Like most soccer players, Child looks like a distance runner in hard training. His body is lean, with no layer of fat between skin and muscle. Mirko Stojanovic, a Yugoslav who plays in the goal for San Jose, seemed chubby on the field. In the dressing room, shorn of the long pants, long-sleeved jersey and assorted sponge-rubber pads that protected him from rug burns as he flung himself back and forth across the 16-foot-wide goal mouth, he looked like a heavyweight boxer who had just drained himself to make the light-heavyweight limit.

"It is not a pleasant thing to have to do," he said, his eyes half closed from

INDOOR SOCCER *continued*

just don't know quite how to manage it with all the boards about on both sides and the ends. But that will come, won't it?"

Indeed it will. From the first mini-tournament in Dallas in January to the latest in San Francisco, the players have become increasingly accomplished at using the boards.

"It's a bit like billiards, now, isn't it?" says Johnny Moore, a diminutive striker for the Earthquakes who doubles as their assistant general manager and thinks nothing of working a 14-hour day. Moore may be the only indoor soccer player who ever scored a goal on a header. Since the goal is only four feet high, it is difficult for a tall man to get the ball down far enough. Moore is 5'3".

"It wasn't really a header," he says. "The ball was rolling down off the top of the goal and right in my face and I just nudged it into the net."

"We're learning the use of the boards," he continues. "The Earthquakes are lucky, since we have played more games indoors than most. So we know to stay away from the boards with

the ball and force the other chaps into them when they are on the attack. The boards play for you on defense. You put a man into the wood, there is no way he can control the ball."

There are no lulls in the indoor game, since the ball is always in play, unless it is kicked over the wall into the crowd, which happens rarely. Consequently, free substitution is a necessity in the game. No player, no matter how fit, can go for more than three or four minutes without being relieved.

"You can't play like you do outdoors," says Moore. "There, you know, you can cut down the pace of the game, make it slow and deliberate and find the time to rest yourself. Indoors, you have to make your mind up to it. The secret of the indoor game is that you go on for four minutes, run until you drop and then get the hell out of there."

Child agrees. "After three or four minutes, man, your legs go like Jell-O," he says. "Because there's no letting up, you see. I'm a striker and I've never thought of myself as a defensive player. I don't play defense that well, but in the indoor game I must get back as fast as I can go and at least get in someone's way, so that

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exhaustion; he had been bombarded by 68 shots. "But it is the thing I am paid to do. And I do it as well as I can. Indoors, it is difficult because the ball comes at you from everywhere. And when it goes by outside the goal, you cannot relax because it has not gone over the end line. It has hit the backboard and it is right back in front of you with so many people kicking it. It has changed the whole thing of playing in the goal. Now, when a goal shot is wide, I must go wide with it and trap the ball against the backboard so that it does not come back out to haunt me."

Moore sympathizes with Stojanovic. "It's bloody impossible to play in the goal," he says. "Forget the shots. When we played an exhibition game against Dallas, I reckon we kicked that kid they had in goal seven or eight times. Because, you see, he's always diving for the ball and there are people coming up, and I figure I myself kicked the poor lad at least three times. It's a sad thing for the man in the mouth of the goal."

Still, with all the physical contact and the kicks and the battering on the boards, indoor soccer remains a refreshingly decorous sport. There have been none of the disgraceful fights that mar hockey, and the crowds, unlike those at outdoor games in Italy and South America, accept adverse decisions without throwing things or attempting to assault the referee.

When a ball is kicked into the stands it is thrown back onto the field, and if it doesn't come back quickly the crowd chants, "Throw it back."

The bartender at the Hunt Club, a small watering hole in the Cow Palace, may have put his finger on the reason. After a long, inactive evening, he looked sadly over the bar at a lone customer and said, "It was a wasted night. We never should have opened. Everybody is here with his wife and kids. They don't drink. I wish rodeo was back. The rodeo brings in the real drinkers."

The only time a fight seemed imminent was in Dallas, when a Yugoslavian striker fired a cannon shot by a Yugoslavian goalkeeper and the two yelled at one another.

"Had nothing to do with the game," the goalkeeper said afterward. "We are from different peoples in Yugoslavia. His great-grandfather tried to kill my great-grandfather, and I have not forgotten

continued

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LITTLE, BROWN

INDOOR SOCCER

that. It has to do with Yugoslavia, not soccer."

The three previous tournaments were decided on goal difference, with the winners of the first round playing the losers and the champion being the team that had outscored its opponents by a bigger edge in the two games. In Dallas and Rochester all four teams wound up 1-1, with Dallas and the New York Cosmos advancing on goal superiority. In the Tampa tournament, Miami and Tampa won both of their games, Tampa advancing on goal difference.

On the opening night in San Francisco, the Los Angeles and Seattle teams were beaten 15-4 and 14-4, respectively, and almost certainly eliminated. So the soccer owners changed the rules to accommodate the public.

San Jose challenged Vancouver to change the rules and play it in the final, since both teams had won overhelmingly. Vancouver, which had a one-goal advantage, accepted gracefully.

"The people want us to play Vancouver," said Dick Berg, general manager of the Earthquakes. "Heck, the finals will be a knockout. Winner against winner. We're not an old sport. We can change to accommodate what the people want. The only reason we had to stick to the formula for the last three tournaments was that that's the way they played those tournaments. It's great when the teams are equal, because everyone is still alive the second day. But when it doesn't work, we're flexible."

And, sure enough, the game was reasonably close, with San Jose beating Vancouver 7-3, advancing the Earthquakes into the finals along with the winners of the three previous tournaments. Child, paying no attention to the bruise on his hip, scored three times for a total of seven in the two-day event.

The format change saved Terry Fisher, the Los Angeles coach, a further embarrassment, too. After Vancouver had lathered his Aztecs 15-4 in the first game on opening night, he lectured his players on their shortcomings.

"The most discouraging part of the game," he said, "was when I looked up and saw all the photographers squatted down behind our goal."

With time, experience and practice, the teams will eventually even out. It might be rugged on photographers, but it will be super for spectators.

END

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As spring comes again and ballplayers drop from the palm trees, the fan is sitting pretty. He can suck in the juice and spit out the seeds without a worry in the world. Not so the player. He must prove that he has it, or, like the Mets' comeback-bent righthander, can find it before easing up in the shade of a batting cage, as does Bob Robertson of the Pirates. For more intimations of spring and some pepper with Ron Fimrite, turn the page.

Run, Seaver, Run







And spring is a Yankee kick in Dixie, where mustaches in St. Pete and kids glorying it up in Clearwater get closer to the players than anywhere else







The Roots of Spring

There is the sense that in spring training baseball is more the game it was meant to be. It is then that baseball is removed from all those coliseums with chemical playing fields and transported again into the snug wooden ball yards where it can move at its own resolute pace. Most of the new parks were also designed to accommodate football, a game of compulsive urgency; but intimacy, not urgency, is baseball's charm, and in those purposefully colossal structures the game seems anomalous, a little like *Parcheesi* played on a crap table.

Reflections such as these are considered blasphemous by the baseball Establishment. Nothing so unnerves a baseball person as the suggestion that his game is not fast enough to keep up with the times. And yet, Chub Feeney, president of the National League, has acknowledged that "ours is a game of suspense, of building tension, not continuous action." Suspense is best communicated through proximity, but unfortunately you do not attract two million customers playing in a facility that seats 15,000, nor do you earn \$200,000 per summer throwing curveballs before such a chummy congregation. For better or worse, a game that is probably best enjoyed when played on a vacant lot before family and friends is now consigned to futuristic palaces with walk-to-wall carpeting.

Still, baseball cannot wholly shuck off its homespun image, for spring training is always there to show just how satisfying the game can be in the proper surroundings. Not that Florida or Arizona can be considered traditional baseball country or that the game as played there in the spring approximates midseason competence. The veteran players are in no great haste to put the hard edges on their softened bodies and the rookies are

too frequently the victims of their own anxieties. In this atmosphere, the underserving frequently rise to the top, only to sink swiftly once the regular season has begun.

But you can see the players in spring training. You can see up close what they look like, read their expressions, catalog their movements, analyze their styles. You can also see them off the field if you are shrewd enough to station yourself near the swimming pools, coffee shops and golf courses where, in the gaudy raiment that passes now for fashion, they may be seen whiling away the off hours. A discerning fan can learn more about his team watching a week of spring training than he can in a full season of squinting at it from the third deck of some superdome.

Three spring trainings ago my son Peter, then 12, was loitering poolside at the Caravan Inn in Phoenix when the San Francisco Giants' much-publicized new power hitter, Dave Kingman, suddenly appeared before him. Kingman was creeping up on a young lady of his acquaintance who, oblivious to his menacing approach, was seated in an ironwork chair reading a paperback novel. Kingman, who stands 6'6" and weighs 210, grasped the chair, hoisted it nearly to eye level and dumped its frightened occupant, novel and all, into the pool.

Watching this incident, my boy learned much about life, baseball and Dave Kingman. He learned 1) that Kingman was as strong as an ox and, therefore, had unusual potential as a Giant slugger, 2) that he was of a playful, even sophomoric, nature and 3) that since the dunked person seemed more amused than outraged by the indignity thrust upon her, Kingman probably had a winning way with women, a perception only dimly appreciated at the time by one of such tender years and sheltered upbringing. The boy now entertains his contemporaries with a recounting of this episode and is working toward the time when he can duplicate Kingman's feat, unmind-

ful, perhaps, that in the intervening years the attitude of young women toward such high jinks may have changed drastically.

There are things even a more seasoned observer can learn from spring training. Until this year, when a worsening economy forced curtailment of such extravagances, the Giants had always entertained the press and assorted hangers-on after spring games at a free bar in the Governor's Room of the Caravan Inn. "Pheonoms," those rare flowers that bloom only in the spring, were discovered there nightly—"Man, what a curveball. A new Koufax"—and the fading past was given a fresh coat of paint. The bullfrog voice of a septuagenarian Giant scout, Tom (Clancy) Sheehan, boomed through the window and carried to the poolside tables where young ballplayers entertained the local girls on warm, sensual evenings:

"Ain't nobody had the control old Alex had. Didn't walk a man 'cept on days when he'd had a few. I remember one game that got started late. The club had to catch a train in about an hour and a half. 'Don't need to worry 'bout a thing,' Alex said. 'We'll catch that train.' He threw nothin' but strikes and got that game over in an hour. Takes these guys that long to walk out to the mound."

The old are a part of spring training. The Milwaukee Brewers even play their games in a retirement community, Sun City, where the fans are driven to the ball park in electric carts. But the young are there, too, languishing in the sun, shirts and blouses off, slugging beer. Baseball is not so much catching up with the times as the times are slowing to meet it. Continuous action can be tiring.

So the game emerges again from hibernation in the temperate zones, reviving itself for another long pull. It is coming to life again, yes; but in those old ball parks and on living grass before people seemingly no more than an arm's length away, it is also rediscovering its roots. And that is only as it should be.

—RON FIMMATE

Three ways to beat the ground rules: the dugout reech, the sneak preview and the plea behind a wire screen.

BIG FROG IN A SMALL POND

At the age of 70 Henri LaMothe is
making his splash—belly
whopping 40 feet into just a
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Performing recently in Anaheim,
LaMothe shows he can stomach a mighty
walkop—he hits the water at 35 mph—
and emerge instantly upright



Leave the astronauts out of it, and the para-roop teams that free-fall for 10,000 feet or skate down by means of those flatish, maneuverable new parachutes. Leave out the six people who have survived the 220-foot fall from the Golden Gate Bridge and the plungers of Acapulco who swan-dive 118 feet, clearing outcrops that extend 21 feet from the cliff. Leave out even the ordinary high diver who enters the pool rigid and pointed after a precise pickknife. Come down from such lofty characters to Henri La-Mothe, who on his 70th birthday last April dived from a 40-foot ladder into a pool of water—but a pool of water only 12 inches deep.

The high diver in his development first increases the height of his dive, then crowds more loops and twists into his drop, but La-Mothe's progress through the years has not involved ascending higher. Rather, he has provided himself with less and less water to land in, an ambition oddly private and untheatrical. Three feet, two feet, 20 inches, 16 inches, 14 inches. He strikes not headfirst or feetfirst, which would be the end of him, but on the arched hump of his belly. His posture resembles a flying squirrel's. His endeavor over the years has been to manage somehow to jump into no water at all. Since this is impossible, he is designing a breakaway plastic pool whose sides

will collapse as he hits, so that except for the puddles remaining on the pavement, he will at least experience the sensation of having done just that.

Apparently nobody else at the moment entertains similar ambitions, although one of the oldtime carnival thrills was for a stunt man to jump feetfirst from a platform into a very considerably deeper hoghead of water, doing what divers describe as a tuck as he entered and partly somersaulting and scooping madly. As the fellow dropped he could steer just a bit by tilting his head—the head being the heaviest mass in the body—but like Henri's feat this one was gilded with none of the ruffy, concise esthetics of fancy diving. There were no points to be scored, no springboard to bound from, no Hawaiian plunge after the madair contortions into a sumptuous pool, with a pretty crawl stroke afterward to carry him out of the way of the next competitor. This fellow lived on hot dogs and slept with the ticket seller and often received an involuntary enema through the two pairs of trunks that he wore, got sinus and mastoid infections and constant colds from the water forced into his nose.

La-Mothe doesn't jump, however; he dives, into water that scarcely reaches his calves as he stands up, his hands raised in a Hallelujah gesture. The sailor hat he sometimes wears never leaves his head, his back stays dry unless the spray wets him, and yet so bizarre is the sight of a person emerging from water so shallow that one's eye sees him standing there as if with his drawers fallen around his feet. As he plummets, his form is as ugly and poignant as the flop of a frog—nothing less ungainly would enable him to survive—and, watching, one feels witness to something a good

deal more interesting than a stunt: a leap for life into a fire net, perhaps.

He wears a thin, white, sleeved body-suit that looks like a set of long johns (the crowd is likely to titter) and, up on his jointed ladder, he huddles into a crouch, holding on to the shafts behind him. Very much like a man in the window of a burning building, he squats, stares down—hesitating, concentrating, seeming to quail—and finally, letting go, quite clumsily puts out his arms, creeping into space between gusts of wind. He sneaks off the top of the ladder, spreading his fingers, reaching out, arching his back, bulging his stomach, cocking his head back, gritting his teeth, never glancing down, and hits in the granddaddy of all belly whoppers, which flings water 20 feet out.

Though one's natural impulse when falling is to ball up to protect the vitals, La-Mothe survives precisely by thrusting his vitals out. He goes splat. And when a microphone is put to him—"How do you do it?"—Henri says, "Guts!" grinning at the pun. "Why do you do it?" asks a reporter. "I get a *bawse* out of it!" says La-Mothe: says that he is "a low-water man." In his long johns, white-haired, in that tremulous hunch 40 feet up a matinee-ladder that he folds up and wheels about for fees of a few hundred dollars, he is anything but an Evel Knievel. He is from vaudeville, a fire victim, his career a succession of happenstances.

In Chicago, growing up pant-sized with the nickname *Frenchy*—his father, a South Side carpenter, was from Montreal—he dived off coal tipples, bridges and boxcars, swimming and swaggering at the 76th Street Beach, doing the four-mile swim off Navy Pier. In the winter he swam indoors with a gang that included Johnny Weissmuller, already swinging from the girders over the pool. But Henri's hands were too small, his build too slight for competitive swimming. To make a living he drove a cab and posed at the Chicago Art Institute, where he began to draw, too. He stayed up late, speeding around town to neighborhood Charleston contests, four or five in a night—this being the Roaring '20s—win-

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SMALL POND *continued*

ning up to \$100 an evening. He quit modeling in order to Charleston full time, closing his act with handstands, backbends and a belly flop, sliding and rolling across the waxed floor. His girl friend's specialty was the split; she would kick him into his belly flop, do the split over him and "lift" him up with two fingers and dance on his stomach as he leaned over backward, balancing on his hands. They were local champions, and by and by he invented an Airplane Dance, his arm the propeller—"the Lucky Lindy" for Lindbergh—which he claims was adapted into the Lindy Hop. June Havoc and Gypsy Rose Lee's famously stingy stage mama took him to New York as one of six "newsboys" in their hooper show, but he quit to dance in a musical called *Keep It Clean*. By 1928 he was dancing at the Paramount as "Hotfoot Henri," usually planted among the ushers or as a dummy sax player in the orchestra pit as the show began. The clowning, the pat repartee, the belly busters were right up his alley. Even today on occasion he will flop on his breadbasket into a puddle of beer at home to startle guests, or lie flat and lift his wife Birgit by his stomach muscles.

Although he had been thankful to dancing for whisking him away from the Windy City and the life of a commercial artist drawing pots and pans for newspaper ads, after the 1929 crash he had to scratch for a job. He designed Chinese menus to pay for his meals, did flyer layouts for theaters and bands, and painted signs. He was art editor of the *Hobo News*, later the *Bowery News*, and he tinkered, streamlining the stapler that is used everywhere nowadays, and inventing a "Bedroom Mood Meter" to post on the wall, like the ones sold in Times Square novelty shops. He got work drawing advertisements for a Long Island plastics company, and actually prospected—even bought himself a plane. Coming in for a landing, he would think of the pratfalls he had performed in the Charleston contests and his belly flops back on Muscle Beach, clowning his way to popularity.

Clowning on the board at the swimming club for the executives, he had heard the suggestion that he ought to do it professionally; and so, after a stint in a shipyard during World War II, he went swimming with Johnny Weissmuller's troupe in Peru. Then he went to Italy with his own water show, the "Aquaquats," in

continued

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partnership with two girls. One, a Dane called Birgit Gjesing, became his wife. Birgit had been an actress in Germany during the war, a swimmer before that and a puppeteer back home in Denmark, marking time after fleeing the collapse of the Reich. She is a lean lady of 57 with a quick, expressive face; a school counselor now, but she remembers playing chess in a wine cellar near Mainz during the worst of the World War II bombing. At one point in 1944 she traded her winter coat for a bicycle, thinking to swim the Rhine while holding it over her head, then pedal on home.

Henri would emulate the dives the girls did and mess everything up, or get into a race but be towed through the water roped to a car. He dressed as Sweet Pea or Baby Snookums, with a curl painted on his forehead. Wheeled to the pool in a buggy by Birgit, dressed in a starched costume, he would scramble up on the high diving board while his nurse pleaded with him to climb down. She would fall in, and he would pancake on top of her, landing crisscross. He used breakoff boards to make his dive doubly abrupt, or wore a pullover sweater 14 feet long, which would still be unraveling as he stumbled backward into his fall. With a beret above his French mustache, he would put on blue long johns with rolled-up newspapers over his hips and a great cape and, calling himself Supor Man, bend "iron" bars and launch himself on a mission of mercy from a high place, only to crash on his belly into the water instead. He would "drown," seem to need artificial respiration, but as the girls bent over him he would squirt water at them from his mouth. Then, running to apologize to Birgit, he would trip, belly whoop and skid into her.

He wore low-necked bathing suits through which he could push his bay window; unfortunately it wasn't until both he and the century were into their 50s that his agent had sense enough to tip him off that the dive he was doing as a water comedian, if done straight, would earn more money. So he speaks of those first umpteen years of diving as "wasted." Then it was maybe another 2,000 loops before his 70th birthday provided a gimmick to get him a New York *Daily News* centerfold and a spot on a David Frost show. For part of this long period he practiced commercial art in New York, but New Year's Eve would find him in Miami Beach dressed as Baby

New Year, poised in a third-floor hotel window as the clock tolled 12, diving into the kiddie pool. He sprang out of trees, from flagpole yardarms and roofs—once from the insign standard 47 feet up into two feet of water at the Westchester Country Club. Touring the country clubs, they "ate lentils," says Birgit. Always Henri looked a bit silly as he stood up, the water lapping at his shins; and the less water, the sillier.

Water shows are lumped with ice shows in the lower echelon of show business; the very term has a childish ring. Indeed, Birgit still shivers remembering a week in Quebec when they had to perform in a hockey rink, paired with a skating folies, in water poured into a tank right on top of the ice. She wore a fish costume and executed finny undulations to the *Burn Street Blues*, but otherwise, as always, tried to get herself and the rest of the bullet swimmers out of the water at frequent intervals to remind the audience that they were really human, not fishy, in shape. Ice skaters have no such identity problems. Water, on the other hand, elemental, deep, somber, healing as it is, imparts a nobility to swimming which no ice show can match. Water, with the mysterious oceans behind it, stretching around the world, can be a powerful ally.

Henri, however, leaping into a thin film of water, has sacrificed the majesty of the ocean to the bravery of his frog dive. Landing as he does, on the paunch, the crawl, the crop, he loses the pretensions to dignity of mankind, too. It's raw, and more real than drama; it's tremendously poignant, and it's his masterpiece in a life of inventing. Even when he has been shabbily treated in show business, nobody has been able to steal that from him. He talks now of diving from the Eiffel Tower or Pisa's Leaning Tower, combining this with his dream of diving at last into no water at all.

He is a short, plump, pigeonlike man who rubs his stomach continually and bends his back and bulges his chest. His look is matter-of-fact, yet self-preoccupied, like a man who knows pain and catastrophe. Though he dives on an empty stomach with lungs half-filled, he lives by the bulge of his stomach. By clapping hands he demonstrates how his arched back is the key to surviving. If air is trapped between the hands the clap is loud, but if one hand is convex the impact is muted. Just so, he explains, an

air pocket under his belly would "split me right open." His belly is holding up fine, but his back is decidedly less limber—his scrapbook of photographs testifies to what a bend he brought to his work only a decade ago. Offstage he looked the daredevil then; now, because of the slackening that old age effects on the best of bodies, he looks more like a health nut maintaining his youth, except for his stern mouth and nose.

He has a fluffy ring of white hair around his bald head, and likes being up on his ladder—says that he's happy up there. The round pool glows like a globe below him. He says a power goes out from him to intimidate the water. "That water is going to take the punishment, not me." He says kids always ask whether it hurts. "Why do you care if it hurts?" he asks them.

Once when he was a young man he swam the St. Lawrence—something his father had done—fetching up at a nunnery, where the nuns hid their eyes. And once he was paid \$3,000 for a week at the San Antonio HemisFair, doing his dive. Working shopping centers and sports shows, he carries his pool in a shopping bag: it is a flimsy low fence with a plastic liner, which sways with the waves of the blow. (Again, Henri's agent had to wise him up to the hammy fact that the sides ought to be down as low as the water.) On his ladder he lets all other sights and sounds, except the bull's-eye, blur out. He crouches, "hoping feet" rather than aiming for it, and lets go, putting his froggy arms out as his body falls. Accident experts from General Motors have tested him and concluded that he hits with the force of gravity multiplied 70 times; or, in his case, 10,500 pounds.

So he does what the bigger kids couldn't do, long after they have given up their own specialties. And since the death wish of a daredevil who is 70 years old must be fairly well under control, maybe the best explanation for why he continues is that it is what he is good at. Watching him, as with certain other notable clowns, one is swept with a tenderness for him as he lands, God's Fool, safe and sound and alive once again. As with them, our fascination is enhanced because at the same time that he has sought our applause, he has seemed to try to obscure our appreciation, make the venture difficult for us to understand, and thereby escape our applause—a "low-water man."

A VOICE FROM THE PAST



ALLEN'S DELIVERY MAKES 'MEMORIES' MEMORABLE

The face of the man behind the microphone in Studio 5-C of New York's RCA Building one afternoon last week was familiar, but it was not until he opened his mouth that a bystander felt a nostalgic twinge and said to himself, "How about that?" Mel Allen is back on the air, not in his famous role as broadcaster for the Yankees but in a new one guaranteed to tug at the heartstrings of old Yankee lovers and haters alike.

Allen will be the voice on *Memories from the Sports Page*, a two-minute radio program that will premiere this week in nine U.S. cities with big "drive-time" audiences. And only Allen's presence at the mike makes the show significantly different from the other mariners in the lengthening nostalgia parade in sports broadcasting. Most of them, including *Memories*, are lower-quality copies of Mohl's *The Way It Was*, one of the most popular television series ever produced for the Public Broadcasting Service.

Memories takes a past personality, event or vignette and attempts to enliven it with dashes of humor or pathos. The first 10 shows have already been taped; ultimately there will be 130 to provide five broadcasts a week for 26 weeks.

"I'ven through the shows are nostalgia, we want them to be in season," says Producer Frank Fitzgerald. "During the basketball season, we want basketball programs." The first 10 shows deal with six sports: basket-

ball, hockey, boxing, tennis, golf and horse racing. Some of the programs are genuinely interesting, but too many of the others are thin stuff. Almost all of them recall occurrences familiar to hard-core sports fans, but one tells a charming anecdote of the time Bill Russell was out of the country on his wife's birthday and prearranged the delivery of a new car to her as a present. The scripts were written by Bob Cooke, from 1948 to 1958 sports editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Mostly it is rehearsing Allen's voice, one of the finest in sports broadcasting history, that makes *Memories* an enjoyable trip into the past. During his 38 years on the air, he was the first to call Joe DiMaggio "Joltin' Joe" and Tommy Henrich "Old Reliable." Allen once said, "International Falls is the coldest spot in the United States—temperatures, that is." And, of course, he turned "How about that?" into an American idiom.

The studio where Allen worked last week had been rented for an hour, in the hope that the first 10 shows could be done in that time. Allen had not had a chance to read all the scripts, but once he got that Irish voice rolling he dominated the scene. Crowd noise came up in the background as he said, "This is Mel Allen with *Memories from the Sports Page*!" He read on, making occasional fluffs and saying to Director Ken Davis, "I glibbed that together," or "I'm not happy with that at all."

With the hour coming to an end, Allen finished a segment about Bill Bradley. "I don't like it," he said.

"Mel, it's fine," said Davis.

"I want to do it over," said Allen, and he did.

When he was finished, Davis said, "Mel, I'm glad you did. It's so much better."

Allen's voice has been almost silent in the decade since the Yankees fired him in No-

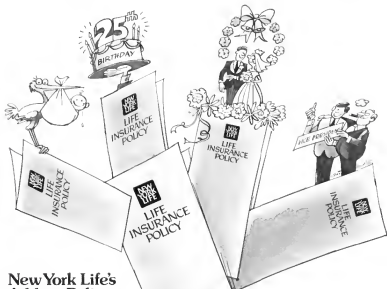
vember 1964 after 25 years with the team, even before the Yanks dismissed him ("It is time for a change," they said), some members of the organization had treated Allen like a skunk at a picnic. When they finally shoved him away, he was hurt and bewildered. But even today he will not damn the Yankees, and one suspects that under his dark suit is pin-striped underwear.

Over the past 10 years Allen has been working at oddments: during the 1966 Little League World Series for KRAK in Sacramento, broadcasting the lame-duck 1965 Milwaukee Braves' games to Atlanta, doing the play-by-play of about a third of the Indians' games in 1968, making appearances for Canada Dry at restaurant and store openings. "I could do a banquet almost every night, but I only like to do those which are for good charities," he says. "I still get a lot of letters from youngsters interested in announcing and I answer the questions by mail, or call the kids on the phone and talk to them."

Nobody is likely ever to have so run a charity affair for the 62-year-old Allen, who invested his Yankee income well. "I'm just trying now to keep my feet wet and my Blue Cross active," he says. And whenever Allen's activities take him, people hear his voice and turn their heads. "I always thought I had the kind of a voice that was not unpleasant," he says. "But some years ago *Forrest* ran a list of the most recognizable voices in the world: Churchill, Roosevelt, people like that. I was the only sports announcer on the list. I guess then I realized that I had a special voice. A couple of years ago I did some commercials for Ballantine Beer. They were just 30-second spots about old teams and ball parks, but the letters I got were very flattering. I couldn't understand the response until I was reading a story in *Time* one morning. It was on the nostalgia wave and I sat up in bed and said to myself, 'I guess I'm part of the wave.'"

This week over WMCA in New York, WBBM-AM in Chicago, WLL-AM in Boston, WLOK in Philadelphia, WTOP in Washington, WJR in Detroit, WWWI in Cleveland, KABL in Los Angeles and KSF in San Francisco, Allen will become an even bigger part of it. How about that? **END**

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Highballing Lionel Hollins helps keep Arizona State right on track

Fast Train to the top

Assuming the pony express has reached all zip code areas by now, the news has spread that the Western Athletic Conference is up to its old tricks.

New Mexico has been dismembered by broken bones and broken laws. During the course of an otherwise excellent 18-4 season, UTEP has scored eight points in a half and caused Coach Don Haskins to contemplate stacking a fork in his navel. Utah has put the (Ticky) Burden on everybody. And even Wyoming has won a couple of games. But above all the wackiness in the WAC, there has been the spectacle of an exciting Arizona State team leading the league and nobody in Tempe caring.

Granted, ASU's cactus-and-palm campus is hard by Phoenix, where the sun shines 365 days a week and everybody is

satisfied to sit imitating prunes and waiting for Johnny Miller to come back and shoot 50. And basketball is played indoors. Still, is an average attendance of 7,000 any way to treat a team with a 20-3 record that plays in a new 14,000-seat arena?

The absences are riveting out on quite a show. ASU runs all night, presses baseline to baseline, platoons 36 different lineups and has one dude who screams on the break. "Trailer right, trailer right. Aw, hell, do whatever turns you on." Arizona State has a coach who throws furniture a center who raises

kittens, a swing man who gorges on pancakes and a team that last week edged closer to the conference title—on the road.

After combining a 76-69 victory at New Mexico with a 75-70 loss at UTEP, the Sun Devils held a one-game lead over the Miners, had only home games remaining and would like it known that their No. 8 ranking is too low and their chances in postseason play are high.

ASU claims all this and heaven, too, heaven being where Lionel Hollins, the left-handed Train, sends pro scouts. The stylish 6'3" Hollins is probably the best senior backcourt man in the land. His is an all-round game of shooting (16.7 points per game), leadership, defense and court cool. "Better than that, he's All-America in attitude," says Coach Ned Wulk. That is no small achievement in a league fraught with malcontents.

Through a season in which his team has been a better-kept secret than the wedding of Merle Oberon, Hollins has exploded for 30 points against Oregon's Ron Lee, outshot that seraph of shooters, Utah's Burden, and sparked ASU's better-skeeter press. Hollins also has stumbled his way to a two-point game—and there's the rub. At least one Sun Devil messes up in every game.

Fortunately, there is always somebody to take a firm grip on the situation. Four men have led ASU in rebounding in at least one game, and six have led in scoring. Skinny 6'8" Jack Schrader arrived from Ols, Iowa (pop. 206) to lead the team in deception. He is called "Stormy the Colt." Bulky 6'10" Scott Lloyd, the pivot man with the pussycats, is a local kid who moves inlays, but outshades the opposition. Those are the ASU rebounders? They don't get too many.

The heart of the Sun Devils' success is their backcourt. Wulk employs three guards at the same time: Hollins, Mike Moon and 6'2" Rudy White, whose hands are the size of the platters on which are stacked his beloved pancakes. White's passion has gotten in the way of his pride. After scoring 12 points in the first half against Colorado State, White went scoreless in the final period as ASU suffered its first conference loss 91-80. It turned out that the Sun Devils' motel in Fort Collins, Colo. was just across the street from a pancake house.

Arizona State's fine run has been accorded yawns in other parts of the country, partly, says Wulk, "because early on the dummy writers were too lazy to write State after Arizona on their AP poll ballots." A veteran of 23 seasons in the big time and 17 at ASU, Wulk agonized through lean years in the late '60s and was rumored to be on the way out in 1971. It is said the experience of almost losing his job shook the coach up so badly that he began to work harder. In rebuttal, Wulk claims he brought in better players and started screaming at them again.

Wulk also hired Jim Carey from Ellsworth (Iowa) Junior College as an assistant to shore up the defense. Carey brought along Stormy the Colt, flashed a terrific rapport with black recruits and drummed a press into the Sun Devils. Having worked wonders with a team that formerly guarded opponents as if they had chicken pox, Carey surely is on the threshold of a head coaching job. While biding his time in Tempe, he says, "Sometimes we look awesome."

Dick Harter, whose Oregon team defeated ASU 80-76 in December, also has been impressed. "On a neutral court I would not bet against Arizona State beating any team in the Pac-8," he says.

If the Sun Devils win the WAC, they are scheduled to play their first-round game in the NCAA tournament at home. They are likely to win that and go on to

continued

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the West Regional in Portland, Ore., where they have already played three times this year. That is important psychological stuff.

"I can't wait to get to the finals at San Diego," says White. If he can hold down on the pancakes and his teammates can batter enough bodies with their press, Arizona State may make it.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Overshadowing Indiana's 83-82 win over Purdue, which clinched the Big Ten title, was the loss of Scott May, the Hoosiers' No. 1 scorer. May fractured his left arm early in the contest and he is expected to be out three to six weeks. Three weeks would be all right for Indiana, which begins NCAA tournament play on March 15, but six weeks could be disastrous, since the tourney would be over. With May out of the lineup, Steve Green sparked the Hoosiers to their first win at Purdue since 1963 by scoring 29 points. He sank 13 of 15 shots, hardly touching the rim the whole time. In his first game of the week, Indiana paddled Wisconsin 93-58.

Bill Robinzine and Dave Corzine. The names of these DePaul players are sheer poetry, especially to Blue Demon fans after DePaul upset Notre Dame 75-70. Robinzine scored 28 points and grabbed 14 rebounds; Corzine's totals were 13 and 18. DePaul's 2-1-2 zone was also a vital factor, helping to limit Adrian Dantley to 19 points.

Bo Ellis scored 24 points as Marquette best Butler 77-55. He had 19 more in a 68-65 decision over South Carolina that gave the Warriors their ninth straight 20-win season.

Utah State journeyed south and ran its winning streak to 13 by bopping New Orleans 96-90. But then the Aggies were shocked 94-87 by Southern Mississippi, which had lost to Pan American 97-78.

1. INDIANA (28-0) 2. KENTUCKY (20-3)

EAST North Carolina State's David Thompson was noticed mostly by his absence against Clemson. With Thompson fouling out after playing only 15:59 and scoring 15 points, the Wolfpack folded, lost 92-70 and fell into a tie with the Tigers for second place in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Freshman Guard Skip Wise popped in 30 points for Clemson. Earlier, State had toppled Duke 92-78. The Wolfpack's split, plus Maryland's 70-51 conquest of Virginia, solidified the Terps' grasp on first

place and prompted them to celebrate their victory over the Cavaliers with a postgame water-pistol shoot-out.

Before the season, Virginia Coach Terry Holland said, "If we ever get in a position where I have a freshman at the foul line with a chance to win the game, I'd want him to be Dave Koesters." Against North Carolina, Holland got his wish. Koesters made three free throws in the last 15 seconds and the Cavaliers knocked the Tar Heels out of the ACC race 65-62.

Marquette Coach Al McGuire and a Madison Square Garden fan both let Fordham know their feelings during a game won by the Warriors 101-64. "What's that about a patsy schedule we play?" yelled McGuire at the Ram bench in retaliation to a reputed comment by Fordham Coach Hal Wiesel. Then the rooster added his reaction to the debacle by tossing a large striped bass on the court.

"We catch fire like that," said Phil Sellers of Rutgers after a 96-82 win over LaSalle. Trailing 54-39 with 17:34 to go, the Scarlet Knights burned the Explorers with a rally that included a 16-0 scoring burst. Mike Delaney led Rutgers with 31 points and Sellers added 25. Both teams lost earlier games, LaSalle at American U. (68-62) and Rutgers at St. Bonaventure (93-91).

In the biggest upset of the season in New England, Rhode Island zonked Providence 79-69. Holy Cross, the team that has improved more than any other in the country since last season, beat New Hampshire 96-85. That gave the Crusaders, who were 8-18 a year ago, a 17-4 record. But then Boston College came to town and sprang an 87-77 upset on them as Bob Cunningham scored 23 points.

1. MARYLAND (16-3) 2. N.C. STATE (16-4)

WEST Before facing UCLA at home, Washington Coach Maz Hershman complained about "a big knot in my stomach." His pains were quickly alleviated when he saw his Huskies hand the Bruins their worst loss (103-81) in 11 seasons. Larry Jackson, who came off the bench to score 27 points, and Clarence Ramsey, who tossed in 22, were Washington's big guns. Larry Pounds augmented his 18-point effort by holding UCLA's high-scoring Dave Meyers to just 11. Two nights earlier the Huskies had surprised USC 89-88 as Ramsey totaled 30 points and Jackson, in another off-the-bench performance, 22. Washington State ran its perfect Pacific Eight mark to 0-11 with losses to UCLA (69-61) and USC (81-68). Moving to within one game of UCLA was Oregon State, which drubbed Stanford 76-69 and Cal 68-54.

Utah State defeated Oral Roberts 91-83 as Jimmy Moore scored 27 points.

1. UCLA (20-3) 2. ARIZONA STATE (28-2)

MIDWEST Louisville, riding on a sudden wave of enthusiasm, turned a near disaster into a victory, won three times and virtually locked up the Missouri Valley title. The Cardinals' tear began amid boos from their fans as they went to the locker room at the half trailing a 9-11 St. Louis team by 15 points. During the intermission, Coach Denny Crum asked for volunteers to start the second half. He chose the first five to raise their hands, and then watched in dismay as the Billikens stretched their lead to 59-36. The boos became louder. Crum called a time-out, ordered Louisville into an all-court defense and sat down to watch an abrupt awakening by the Cardinals, who have been winning while napping most of the season. Bottled up for the remaining 12½ minutes by Louisville's press, St. Louis managed only nine more points. While the Billikens stumbled, the Cardinals rumbled, rushing back for a 75-68 win. In its next game, Louisville defeated Wichita State 85-76 as Wesley Cox erupted from his season-long lethargy. Cox, a many-splendored freshman center a year ago but a dud much of this season as a forward, hit on 15 of 16 field-goal tries and had 32 points, nine rebounds and three steals. Two days later Louisville stung Tulsa 104-79 as Cox found the range for 21 points.

"If they control the boards, they can run over us," said Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman before taking on Kansas. His worst fears became a reality as the Jayhawks controlled the boards 50-22 and put on a hit-and-run demonstration. Kansas repeatedly scored a basket, ran downcourt, grabbed a rebound after a wild Wildcat shot and converted it into another two-pointer. The Jayhawks, who have been alternately sordid and tepid this season, defeated State 91-53, the widest margin in the intrastate series since Kansas won 50-12 in 1908. Jayhawk Center Rick Suttle was on target with 12 of 15 field-goal attempts, finished with 26 points and held Carl Gerlach, who had a 10-point average, to one. That left the teams deadlocked for the Big Eight lead. Three days earlier, State had taken a one-game advantage, holding off Nebraska 65-64 while Missouri jolted Kansas 87-72.

Before Guard Denver Reed was hurt, Memphis State was 6-0. While he was sidelined, the Tigers incurred all four of their losses. Since Reed's return last month, State again has been all-victorious. It ran its latest streak to nine by defeating Tulsa 88-80 as Reed scored 17 points.

Texas A&M held on to first in the South-west Conference by smothering Baylor 62-55 and Rice 99-66.

Cregonth ran its winning streak to 14 games by beating St. Thomas 90-54 and Air Force 76-53.

1. LOUISVILLE (20-2) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (16-4)

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SQUASH / Dan Levin

Racket guy from Brooklyn

But Vic Niederhoffer doesn't use dem or dose. The five-time U.S. champ has a Ph. D., a million-dollar business and wears a tux—with track shoes

To the victor—Victor Niederhoffer, that is—belongs another silver pitcher. Last week in New York, at 31, he won the U.S. National Singles Squash Racquets championship for the fifth time. His opponents did little but gasp, sweat and run. But Niederhoffer seemed to play effortlessly. His shots were not always brilliant, but he patiently waited out long rallies, and his frustrated opponents consistently found themselves in situations where most of their moves were of high risk. And then they were forced to make mistakes which ruined them.

Niederhoffer had used the same strategy a month before in Mexico City, where he beat Sharif Khan in the North American Open. Khan had won the event six straight times, had in fact lost only one minor tournament in six years. But none of his opponents had been willing, as Niederhoffer says he is, "to wait an eternity" for an opening. Khan trailed 12-11 in their fourth and deciding game, and the rally seemed destined to go on forever, when suddenly he made an error on what Niederhoffer calls "a non-percentage shot," something Khan almost never does. That was the turning point, and Khan cried out, "I don't deserve to win."

"Khan had a fatal flaw," Niederhoffer says, "a lack of real toughness. He's been winning so long he doesn't know anymore what it is to play a battle to the death."

In the finals in New York, Niederhoffer beat Peter Briggs, who is only 23—a good thing with all the running he was obliged to do. In three games Niederhoffer made only five errors, while Briggs made more than 25, most on short shots. Niederhoffer said later, using a typical Niederhoffer metaphor, that Briggs was a fiddler who could not handle low C, in this case those short shots.

Afterward one veteran squash observer dubbed Niederhoffer "the Bobby Fischer of squash." The reference was to his cerebral game, and possibly to a per-

sonality and habits that at times have all but mystified the very straight squash Establishment. His matches were played at New York's University Club, and on the first evening there was a black-tie dinner dance. The ladies wore gowns. Niederhoffer wore a tuxedo and track shoes, one blue, one white, both well-worn. The track shoes, he told the curious, were his style. Also they made him think of heredity and environment, or "nature and nurture," as he put it, and then he went on to tell of his own nature and nurture, how doubly blessed he had been. He never mentioned the advantage of his first name. He said that when he was three months old his favorite toy was a table tennis racket, that he interrupted his parents' paddle tennis games by crawling on the court. His dad had been a quarterback at Brooklyn College, his mother a paddle tennis champion, so he had the nurture part, he said—his mother's endurance, his dad's speed, grace and good eyesight, and the reflexes of both.

The Niederhoffers lived in Brooklyn's Brighton Beach, where racket and court sports rated a close fourth in popularity to food, water and air. At eight Victor won the local 13-and-under table tennis and handball championships. At nine, he says, he could beat anyone in the world at paddle ball. At 13 he won an all-New York City 18-and-under tennis tournament. Now he sees it this way: "My environment ideally suited me for a competitive career in racket sports. And being a first child was important, too. I developed a tremendous confidence because I got so much attention and so much love, and so much pressure to emerge triumphant."

And that is how he emerged, on the courts, and near the top of his class in school. For three years he was the best high school tennis player in New York City, but he never played squash. He tried it for the first time in 1960, as a Harvard freshman. In 1962 he won the national junior championships, and as a

senior the national intercollegiate. They began calling him "the Ty Cobb of squash." His Harvard coach, Jack Barnaby, said that his prodigy "would chew glass to win." Niederhoffer says he did a lot of "explaining" to judges.

In 1966, while earning a Ph. D. in business at the University of Chicago, Niederhoffer beat Sam Howe for the first of his five wins in the Nationals. It should have been the first of 10, but he wasn't being treated very well by the five Chicago squash clubs: they accepted him as a player-guest, but not as a member, and in 1967, when the Nationals were played in Chicago, Niederhoffer was in the university library, studying. Whatever the cause—his being a Jew, his court man-

lion worth of mergers, but then Niederhoffer works seven days a week, 14 to 15 hours a day. He wears track shoes to the office, plays squash at the Harvard Club every night from 8 to 9:30, goes back to the office until about 1 a.m., then does wind sprints over the two miles to his home. He carries his racquet as he runs, "to beat off marauders," he says, "to show the cops I'm not a mugger and make my training as specific as possible."

It saddens Niederhoffer that the first two justifications are necessary. He is an outspoken adherent of what he calls "the freedom philosophy," whose basic tenet is that men should do anything they desire, short of using aggression on other men.

And then he speaks of four qualities great men share: persistence, or zeal; health, or the ability to implement the zeal; powers of organization; and genius. After winning the Canadian National Singles last month, Niederhoffer told a TV reporter that he possesses the first three qualities, "and there lies my greatness," he said, "perhaps my major claim to a place in the pantheon of racket immortals."

Victor Niederhoffer has always had an acute awareness of his strength, beliefs and desires, and a willingness to speak up about them. And even though the Ty Cobb of squash is more mature now, that characteristic remains. During the second game of his quarterfinal match in New York, ahead 2-1 against Tom Poor, Niederhoffer stopped play and asked, "Is someone smoking in the gallery?"

"No," came the answer.

Down 5-4, he stopped again. "I think there's someone smoking," he said.

"Nope."

Leading 8-6 he stopped again. "Smoking?"

"Nope."

Finally, way back in the gallery someone said that smoke was coming from the lounge downstairs.

After losing, Tom Poor was saying, "What puts the pressure on is that he retrieves better than anyone around."

"I disagree," Niederhoffer said. "A lot of people retrieve well, but they make errors. I keep rallies going not because I retrieve better but because I don't make errors."

"You made one bad one," Poor said.

"I was worried about smoking," Niederhoffer acknowledged.

END

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NIEDERHOFFER'S SECRET: DON'T MISS

ners—he found the situation demeaning. Of the five-year hiatus he says, "Like Caesar when he was dead, even in retirement I was an influence on the game. The champions had to say, 'Would I have won if Caesar was alive?'"

No. In 1972 Niederhoffer came out of retirement and won the first of four straight Nationals. Soon he moved from California, where he had been an assistant professor of finance at Berkeley, back to New York, and began training like no one else. He has his own business—Niederhoffer, Cross & Zeckhauser, Inc.—specialists in arranging mergers between public and private firms, large and small. In the past two years the firm has arranged more than \$200 mil-



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Sun child in the icy nets



Jim Warden's surfer life-style gives him some uncomfortable moments at Michigan Tech, but he is right at home in front of a hockey goal

To get to Houghton, Mich., these days you fly to Green Bay, change planes, touch down briefly at Menominee and Iron Mountain, get off at Hancock, then hope for a passing dog sled to pick you up for the 10-mile haul down across the frozen Porage Channel and up into town. It no doubt will be snowing in Houghton when you pull in—and when you pull out—and if the wind over nearby Lake Superior happens to be blowing in the wrong direction, the chill factor will be something like -52° . So button your thermals and zip your parka, and let's go find out how and why a surfer from Southern California named Jim Warden found happiness playing goal for Michigan Tech on the snowbanks of Houghton.

A long hockey weekend at Michigan Tech starts at six sharp Friday night—either at the Library Bar where you can

buy half a gallon of beer in a chilled orange-juice bottle for \$1, or over at Funky's Karma Kafe, where there are carrots to nibble and papaya juice to sip. Either way, happy hour ends promptly at seven, when everyone begins the short trek back toward campus and up the icy hill to the Student Ice Arena. Some people arrive on snowmobiles, others schuss in on skis, but all of Houghton is there. This particular weekend should be an easy one for Jim Warden, the best college goaltender since Ken Dryden was stopping pucks for Cornell back in the late '60s, and for Tech, which, as always, is rated among the top five teams in the country. Denver, the opposition, is on a down cycle after years of domination in the West, and, well, the 90-foot sign taped to a wall in the Arena may be accurate: THE ONLY GOOD THING FROM COLORADO IS CIGARS.

The Friday night game is no contest as Tech storms to a quick 10-1 lead, then coasts to an 11-5 victory. Under the stands, Warden and his teammates, obviously depressed by Denver's four-goal rally in the third period, dress quietly in a locker room lavish even by pro standards: there is wall-to-wall carpeting and a sauna. The main door to the locker room also leads to the posh Husky's Club, where Tech alums gulp coffee or hot chocolate between periods while inspecting pictures of former Tech players—Chicago Goliander Tony Esposito is one—or viewing game highlights on a color instant-replay machine.

Warden looks, and apparently acts, a lot like Pistol Pete Maravich in his LSU days: a bit different. "Jimmy once told me that a haircut was no longer on his schedule," says Coach John MacInnes. "And I remember one game when there was a face-off down the other end of the ice and we suddenly noticed that Jimmy was completely turned from the play, his back to the action. Finally a defenseman skated down to see what was the matter. You know what Jimmy told him? 'Not to worry. I'm watching the reflection on the Plexiglas behind the net.'"

After the game, the Tech players, minus Warden, head back across the Channel to Hancock for a pizza and beer celebration at Gino's. Warden jumps into his VW van and disappears with his fiancée, Patty Andreini of South Range, a town just a few snow drifts down the road from Houghton. "Jimmy thinks he's the only 'different' person on the team," says Bob (Roudrunner) D'Alvise, a speedy center from Toronto. "He's tried to fit in, but he believes that what he does, as opposed to what the other 19 guys on the team do, is what society *wants* to be like." D'Alvise begins to smile. "The other day he showed up wearing a string tie for one of our trips. He wondered why we all weren't wearing string ties."

The next day MacInnes said he had planned to rest Warden and play reserve Goliander Bruce Horsch in the second game of the back-to-back series, but the Californian had been erratic in the first game—misplaying angles and generally acting bored by it all—and he would be back in goal for the rematch. "We'll shut them out," Warden says as the meeting breaks up.

continued

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Driving back to his off-campus residence across the street from MacInnes' home, Warden sounds like a charter member of the Houghton Chamber of Commerce. "This town," he intones, "is the Frisbee capital of the world. The Library Bar always wins the big tournament. I play Frisbee better than I play hockey. I'm a great Frisbee player." Warden's van backs into a snowdrift, and he talks on. "Look at this town! No smog, no spoiled kids, no stoplights for 100 miles. It is the complete opposite of California." Frantically he shifts gears between first and reverse, keeping the gas pedal floored. Finally the van gets back onto the icy road. "Trouble is, I don't fit the town's image of a hockey player because, well, I'm something they have never experienced before. I saw a Californian, and California is a different world."

Actually Warden was born in Detroit, where his doctor father was serving an internship. Young Jim lived there and in London, Ontario for four years and then moved to Altadena, Calif., a couple of long field goals from the Rose Bowl. "One day, when I was eight years old, my father read an ad in the local paper inviting kids to try out for a bunch of programs sponsored by the Pasadena hockey club," Warden says. "Every kid who showed up was placed on a team. I played forward for about a year, using a pair of rented skates. Then one day I flat decided to become a goaltender because goalies are on the ice all the time." At home Warden had his brother blast tennis balls at him in his room. He was the only kid on the block who preferred hockey to basketball. "The others thought I was nuts," he says.

Warden received what he calls "my career break" one warm night in 1965 when Glen Eberly, an All-America goaltender at Boston University in the early 1960s, dropped by the Pasadena rink. "Glen took me down to one end of the rink and worked with me at every practice," Warden says. "He taught me everything, particularly how to use my legs. I don't quite know how to say this, but I have the best legs going. The biggest thrill in my life was the night Glen brought his Kenesky pads and let me use them. Every kid goalie in the world dreams of wearing custom pads and here I was wearing *Keneskys*!"

Warden's career moved to the back burner for a few years when the rink in Pasadena was converted into a post office. "My Dad bought the old nets for me," Warden says, "and we put them in the backyard. I guess I stopped a couple of hundred tennis balls out there every day." Warden eventually discovered the sun and the sea and he became an accomplished surfer. But then he found another rink and took up hockey again. He was a junior All-America while playing for a team in West Covina.

"I loved hockey," he says, "but I knew I'd never go anywhere if I stayed in California." Warden left the sun land after his junior year in high school, moved to Minneapolis, got a job as a porter at a hotel and enrolled at the Blake School, one of the powers in hockey-mad Minnesota. He took over as the starting goaltender and he earned all-state recognition.

Recruited by most of the hockey-playing colleges, Warden decided on Michigan Tech when MacInnes came calling. "John's voice sounded as though it belonged to a man of stature. Besides, he always has a great goaltender."

Although injuries dogged Warden's first two years at Michigan Tech (once he sliced open a finger while working on a porcelain sink), he showed enough potential to be drafted last year by both the NHL's California Golden Seals and the WHA's San Diego Mariners. "I wasn't ready for the pros, I know that," he says. "Before moving on you've got to be able to say that you've done your best in the previous competition. I couldn't say that. I knew I wasn't mature enough. Besides, I had strained my knee playing intramural volleyball and then reinjured it playing Frisbee."

Warden also had some technical deficiencies: his glove hand was too slow and he did not know how to control a puck once he stopped it. Last summer MacInnes paid his own way to Russia to attend a coaching clinic. He returned with a copy of a Soviet training program for goaltenders, the same program that had transformed Vladislav Tretiak from a sieve into one of the best puck stoppers in the world. In the fall MacInnes went to work with Warden. For an hour each day he had his protégé tumbling over barrels, stick-handling a volleyball, batting down tennis balls with

15-pound weights strapped to each hand and catching rubber balls with weights strapped to his arms. "My glove hand used to be the weakest part of my game," Warden says. "Now it's as good as my legs."

Still, Warden realizes he has yet to master the art of controlling a puck once he has stopped it. "Goaltending has been a step-by-step learning process for me," he says, "... and that's next."

In the net Warden uses his legs like Tony Esposito, but in other mannerisms he resembles Ken Dryden. "Dryden always looks relaxed," Warden says, "and so do I. John [MacInnes] hates it, but that's me. In the past few years John and I have had a lot of deep psychological conversations. I was different from what John had ever dealt with before. We'd talk and I'd sometimes leave the room crying, but I'm a better person for it today. And I think I've been a challenge for John, too. I think he needed someone different. It's better when you don't have 20 guys, a team, thinking and acting alike all the time. We're not a bunch of robots."

True to his predictions, Warden shut out Denver 7-0, playing with an alert cockiness that had been missing the night before. Said MacInnes afterward, pondering the most difficult player he has coached in 18 years at Michigan Tech: "I think we all understand Jimmy better now than we did yesterday, and yesterday better than the day before. And I know he understands us better."

For his part, Warden said, "I want to play on the U.S. National team in the world championship at the end of the college season. I know they pick goalies by looking at their goals-against average. Right now my average is just about 3.00. Good enough, I hope." Next season come the Olympics, and Warden may take off the school year in an attempt to make the U.S. team. "I'm getting married in May, and then Patty and I will take the van and split for a couple of months. Who knows what I'll decide." The only thing he is ruling out for now is the pros. "I'm not ready."

The next morning Warden and his fiancée drove into town for scrambled eggs. It was snowing, and there was a fleeting expression of California pain on his face. "Not a good day for Frisbee," said the sun child.

AND

The professionals are still here
and they say they are doing fine

Three for the money

It is indicative of the robust health of the International Track Association, that touring troupe of performers who are paid over the table, that the persistent inquiries about its future are dying out. Now in its third season, ITA no longer has to ask, or answer, "Will pro track make it?", since it is making it quite well indeed. There is even the implausible prospect that ITA, despite its penchant for the outrageous innovation designed to enchant the casual fan, may win over a few track nuts with performances the amateurs will envy.

Attendance at its first three 1975 indoor meets has averaged 9,452 and, with the 17-meet tour scheduled to go outdoors eight times, more people than ever should see ITA athletes this year. That is almost certain if a \$100,000 "Super Mile" proposed for the Houston Astrodome later this season is sold to TV. ITA President Mike O'Hara says this should be the year his show gets into the black. The grunting you hear in the background is the World Football League.

But pro track still has its problems, one of them in the person of its most durable performer. His name is Ben Jipcho and the problem is he wins too many races too easily against overmatched rivals. With tough competition the exception rather than the rule, Jipcho has won 24 of 26 races as a pro, usually at the rate of two a meet, most often at one mile and two miles. The victories, a remarkable testimony to Jipcho's skill and stamina, made him ITA's leading money-winner last year with \$16,700. Unfortunately, Jipcho's workload precluded him from running the world-record times that

the fans, to say nothing of O'Hara, would like to see. "Running for money doesn't make you run fast," the pragmatic Kenyan has said, "it makes you run first."

O'Hara might have solved the problem had he been able to sign Steve Prefontaine to an ITA contract, but the Oregon runner decided to stake his lot with the amateurs for yet another season. "There are other guys who can make Jipcho run," says one ITA official, "but, unfortunately, we haven't got them yet."

Jipcho's uncommon mastery of the distance double thus continued last Friday night in Salt Lake City, where a crowd of 9,651 saw him win the mile in 4:00.8, the fastest ever run in the state of Utah indoors or out—there's a record for you. He came back less than an hour later to take the two-mile in 8:40.6 for a second Salt Palace record.

And Brian Oldfield, the 6'5", 270-pound shotputter, won his specialty with a heave of 71'9", a pro record and the best in the world this season. Like Jipcho, Oldfield had no serious opposition, beating his closest rival by more than seven feet. "If I had some excitement," Oldfield says, "I'd throw over 75 feet." No less impressive was a world indoor best of 3:09.9 in the mile relay by the quartet of Warren Edmonson, Leo Evans, Larry James and John Smith, who ran unopposed.

The relay runners planned to race the special pacer lights that ITA uses, but they didn't work, which disappointed Bob Steiner, ITA's public relations director. "We're not selling just track and field," he says. "There is nothing to indicate that the U.S. will support track by itself the way it supports basketball and football and baseball." O'Hara says, "We want to make every meet a happening, so we add fun events and use technical innovations like pacer lights and electronic starting blocks."

Such novelties have earned ITA criticism as well as praise, with pursas representing such things as races between male shotputters and female sprinters. At Salt Lake City, O'Hara put on an obstacle-course race with Wyomia Tyus of ITA going against Mary Jo Peppier and Karen Logan of the women's Superstar competition (SI, Jan. 6). Tyus won, but the event hardly looms as a classic in the professional program.

More to the point, track nuts tend to dismiss ITA because of the unwritten

sports commandment that says no matter how good amateur athletes are, professionals should be better. And so far, except for Oldfield, the all-star relay team and pole vaulter Steve Smith, the pros have consistently been outperformed by the top amateurs.

"The demand for records has been the hardest thing to deal with," says Steiner. "What bothers me, as a track fan, is that the sport is being betrayed by its greatest supporters—the track nuts. It's got to be records. It's got to be the watch rather than the competition. At our meet in San Francisco last year, Jim Ryan tried to steal the mile from Jipcho. He caught Ben by surprise, and Jipcho barely got up to beat him at the tape. Everyone thought they'd seen one heck of a race until the time was announced and it was only four-oh-four something."

This season O'Hara has added 10 new athletes to the ITA cast, including distance runner Tracy Smith and flop-jumper John Delamere. Unfortunately, none of them seems likely to add competitive fire, at least not enough to challenge Jipcho's dominance. Nor does Ryan, still the world-record holder in the mile but now sort of the Arnold Palmer of professional track. Ryan entered the \$80 at Salt Lake City, ran dead last through 500 fiftful yards and dropped out.

O'Hara, however, remains optimistic. "We're getting strong crowds," he says, "and good exposure on TV. We'll be on ABC's *Wide World of Sports* a minimum of four times, and NBC will tape our March 22 meet in Los Angeles—that's on a Saturday afternoon—and put it on that night in the Johnny Carson time slot. If we have the Super Mile it will be on CBS, so we have a shot at something on all three networks."

"If we do it," bubbles Steiner about the Super Mile, "it will be the greatest thing in track and field history." The format calls for the winner to receive \$60,000, with \$25,000 for second, \$10,000 for third and \$5,000 for fourth. One of the top milers Jipcho may meet in that race is Kip Keino, who is supposed to rejoin the pro tour for the Los Angeles meet that will be televised nationally.

"When NBC did that last year," O'Hara says, with pleased wonder, "we ended up with more viewers than the Carson show usually has. We're getting there."

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Bob Arum, the fight promoter, was on the phone to London and there was a quaver in his voice that even the who-who of a bad transatlantic connection couldn't drown out. He was talking to Micky Duff, a British matchmaker, about the middleweight championship bout in Grenoble that would pit Colombia's Rodrigo Valdes against Max Cohen of France on April 12. Arum had just sold this package to ABC.

Now Duff was saying he believed that Max Cohen might not be Max Cohen at all, but a guy named Ahmed Ghazal or Mahmoud el Tahir. He was saying that Max Cohen had been brought to France by a fight manager named Roger Bensad, and that the boxer had been de-Arabized and given a more salable name. The very thought of such a thing was upsetting Arum because he had promoted Max Cohen as the last—the very last—of the good Jewish fighters.

"Bensad gets these kids from North Africa. They say he sews a Star of David on their trunks and calls them his Jewish Lions," Duff informed Arum.

Arum hung up on London and called a friend in Paris. "Tell me it ain't so," he pleaded. "Cable me particulars. I could look like a dope if Max Cohen wasn't kosher."

Arum knew there were precedents for such stunts. Back in 1964, a certain Ski Goldstein, a heavyweight from San Diego, fought in Madison Square Garden one Friday night and was discovered by the New York press the next day to be no more Jewish than Cardinal Spellman. And once, in the '60s, a Puerto

This Cohen is the real McCoy

Once a Pan-Arab Games champ, the irascible Frenchman may be the last of the good Jewish fighters

Rican named Marcos got turned into a Marcus—first name Sydney. His exposure was said to have come at a *l'Éclair* British sports breakfast where Marcos called a matzo a taco.

Back came the requested cable from France. "Relax, Max Cohen checks out," it said. "Born 1941, Safi, Morocco. Father, Meyer, a truck driver. Mother, Esther, five sisters, including a Ruth, a BatSheva and a Deborah. Family now moved to Israel. Town of Beersheba. Cohen changed first name four years ago from Nessim to Max. Said it was punchier. He drinks mint tea, eats honey cakes, says he speaks Arabic better than French and uses corner man named Mohammed Benamou. But dossier withstands scrutiny. Certain Cohen is a genuine Cohen."

Max Cohen is the real item, all right, but a strange one. He is as moody as a Bedouin. His half-bald head accents his dark eyes in a way that makes them seem to seethe even when the talk at his bar—Chez Max—is about how Max is going to take Valdes apart, how Max is in such great shape that you could bottle his sweat and sell it in competition with Vichy water.

Everything irritates Max Cohen. His irascibility quotient is stunning. He sucks on a glass of orange and lemon juice ("Not bad but too damn sweet") and complains that he was not invited to a luncheon given by Premier Jacques Chirac for prominent French athletes. "I'm a middleweight champion of France, no? I'm fighting for the world championship, no?" Then the city of Paris refused a tax waiver to the promoters of the Cohen-Valdes fight, forcing them to move to Grenoble. "Now all my fans are going

to have to hike into the Alps to see me in my biggest fight instead of taking the metro," Max complains.

Manager Bensad, complete with cigar and red face, tries to explain Max to outsiders as a bit of a depressive. "Look at his background and his life. You'll get more sympathetic."

Cohen grew up poor, working in a printing shop in the sort of Casablanca neighborhood that produced Marcel Cerdan, who is still probably France's greatest sports hero. In spite of his name, Cohen made the Moroccan amateur team, losing only once in 44 fights, and was chosen for the Pan-Arab Games when he was 20. "Everybody screamed it was a scandal," he recalls. "How could a Jew compete in an Arab competition? Worse was that everybody was afraid I'd win."

Cohen beat a Lebanese and a Sudanese to get into the semifinals, where he was matched with an Egyptian. Cohen's friends suggested he withdraw, that a victory would make trouble, but Max went ahead and beat the Egyptian. The final was to have been against a Palestinian, but the man forfeited rather than fight Cohen, and Max suddenly was a one-of-a-kind phenomenon: a Jewish Pan-Arab Games gold medalist.

When his family left for Israel, Max went to France to further his boxing career. He immediately ran into problems as a professional. Because he was still a Moroccan citizen, he couldn't be groomed for the French or European championships that most interested the Paris promoters. On what seemed to be a whim, the Moroccan boxing federation withdrew Cohen's license for a year and its French counterpart honored the decision.

"Nobody helped me and none of those people cared," Cohen says. "I didn't fight for almost two years. When I could fight again, they always wanted to match me with the non-French fighters that nobody else—like Jean-Claude Bouttier, who was prosecuted like a prince—would take. I was fighting guys like Willie Monroe, whom nobody would get near, and Emile Griffith and Tony Mundine, who was the big terror for a while. It was simple. I could only stay alive by running the risk of getting beaten every time I fought."

Cohen lost to Griffith, beat Monroe, drew with Griffith, and was knocked out by Mundine. Gradually, he developed a



MIDDLEWEIGHT COHEN CUDDLES A MINI

distinctive fighting style: he gets hit, but knows how to work his way out of trouble, a tough old professional who can knock a man down with a left hook or open a cut with a butt.

Cohen fought in the U.S. twice, beating Fraser Scott in Seattle and losing to Griffith in the Garden. Jewish-Americans loved Cohen, but Max was not charmed. There was a language barrier, and there was a culture gap: Cohen, the Jew from the Arab world, never heard of gefilte fish or a blintz. "I was really out of it," he remembers. "It was tough for me, a pain in the tail, really. It was the biggest mistake I made, not fighting in the States more. But I didn't like the mood. Maybe it was because I didn't understand a word."

Cohen eventually won French citizenship, but was suspended from boxing when he called the referee a racist after losing a bout for the French championship; if Cohen had won he was supposed to get a shot at the European title.

"Max apologized," Bensaid says,

"but it's all true. Whether people admit it or not in France, there's hatred in a lot of hearts. When Max lost that fight, I heard officials around the ring say, well, there's one less Jew. Because he is frank, because he doesn't go to Maxim's and won't sit on an elephant for any idiot photographer, they don't like Max. The French public only wants to see Max Cohen sitting on the seat of his pants."

How Cohen, now ranked eighth in the world, got the shot at Valdes is a story of pristine money logic. First, Cohen beat Bouttier bloody and into retirement last December. This made Cohen a natural draw in France, which is where all the middleweight money is. A fight that might not make \$25,000 in live gate receipts in the States will do \$200,000 or more in France. With U.S. television money thrown in, Cohen against Valdes was a natural.

But Cohen decided to hold out for extra money and the fight nearly died. Promoter Charlie Michaelis said, "Cohen is a case. Here is a guy who is being of-

fered a world championship at 34 and he complains. He wouldn't come around until Jean-Paul Belmondo, whom Cohen admires, told him to stop being an ass and fight."

Finally, Cohen signed the contract. At a little signing ceremony, Max relaxed his glower a bit to smile for a photographer and to promise Arum, there to meet him for the first time, that he'd do his best to drum up the live gate.

"All my regular people are coming to Grenoble from Paris," Cohen said, "and you know there are a lot of Arabs from Algeria and Morocco working in that area. They'll come to cheer for me. I get along real well with those people." And to prove his point, Cohen went into a mock promotional pitch in Arabic.

A sudden flash of concern sped across Arum's face and his eyes sought out his old Paris friend for some kind of reassurance. "He checks out, Bob," the friend whispered. "Max just has his own sense of humor. He's Cohen enough. Don't worry." **END**

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CZECHING ON THE



HUCHEN

by CLIVE GAMMON



An indefatigable angler, warmed by his dedication—and a few sparks supplied by Old Jellyneck—pursues the mightiest member of the salmon family in the icy tributaries of the Danube, its last native habitat

CONTINUED

The big brass bed that the old man was lying on nearly filled the room. The pillows were bunched high behind him and his fingers were clutched tight on the pink-and-blue patchwork quilt. This was in early December 1973 in the town of Martin in Czechoslovakia, more precisely in the Slovak Socialist Republic, the eastern part of the nation. Outside it was bitter cold—rusted frozen snow in streets lined with identical drab-yellow apartment houses, the Turiec River half iced over—but in the old man's room it was warm.

His life hung on the walls in framed photographs of the long-dead, in ancient, incomprehensible certificates embossed with heavy seals, in military mementos, the latest an award for valor in the partisan campaign of 1944 when the Germans were retreating west through Martin along the valley of the Váh, the oldest a tinted portrait of a young cavalryman in the pre-1914 uniform of the Austro-Hungarian Empire: the same Samo Ivaska, now 86 years old and lying in the brass bed, very frail but able to speak some halting French.

Many of the pictures were unconnected with the complex and bitter history of Middle Europe. They showed anglers in the sporting garb of the 1920s and '30s on the banks of turbulent Slovak rivers: the Váh, the Orava, the Turiec. The tackle they held was roughhewn—stubby rods and old-fashioned reels shaped from hardwood—but it wasn't the tackle that caught the eye, not at first. Held up for the camera, often by two anglers because one could not manage it alone, were great beautiful fish. Some of them looked to be 50 or 60 pounds, and the adipose fins they displayed, the small, fleshy appendages between dorsal and tail fins, showed clearly that they were members of the salmon family. They were more rakishly built, though, than any trout species or sea-going salmon, with a meaner look about the head and jaws. The photographs were black-and-white or dull sepia that failed to show the copper-green luster of the flanks fading to pink, the peppering of tiny dark spots, the silver bellies of the living fish that I had seen in the hatchery pool earlier that morning.

They had slid from under the ice into the open patch kept clear by aerated water tumbling in from above, big brood hens around 40 pounds, dark shadows until Lad-

islav tossed a dozen dead trout into the water. Then, as they jumped and boiled clear, the flashing colors gleamed bright, the broad-flanked power of the fish became plain. They are among the rarest of the world's great sport fish, perhaps the mightiest member of the salmon family, growing up to 100 pounds. Perhaps also the least known: the Danube salmon, *húšaťka* in Slovak, *húško húško* to ichthyologists, sometimes called the huchen in English, a salmon that never goes to sea, whose last native stronghold is in Czechoslovakia, in tributaries of the Danube flowing southward from the mountain range of the Tatras. The Danube itself is too filthy to support the huchen in most of its course.

Now from the bed, his eyes bright, Samo Ivaska spoke of the huchen like an Old Testament prophet, and a granddaughter came proudly forward with the book he had written on the species. He had done more than write a book. The hatchery I had visited that morning had been planned and built by Samo before World War II, when he had first realized that the species was threatened. Twice the hatchery had been destroyed by invading armies and twice rebuilt. The old man was vague about these happenings—"The Germans," he said. But on my homeward journey a Prague cabdriver, relishing the story in the kind of bitter way that the Czechs have, claimed that while the Germans had certainly wrecked it once, on the second occasion the buildings were burned by the Red Army while liberating Slovakia. What really tickled his fancy, though, was the entirely different, entirely characteristic way each army behaved. The Germans carefully shipped out the brood fish and fry to be placed alive in the Elbe. Then they blew up the hatchery. The Russian soldiers just set fire to everything and sat around broiling and eating the fish in the cozy warmth. The cabdriver knew because his father used to take him on fishing trips to Martin, and he had once hooked a huchen so huge that the three-quarter-hour drive to the airport was not long enough to land it in.

All that was a long time ago, and Samo seemed anxious to slide over it. He called for his album of souvenirs, letters and more photographs, and handed them to Ladislav to show me, the prophetic gleam still in his eye. Or perhaps he was more like the high priest of some ancient religion passing on the emblems of his power. The symbolism was not inapt. Ladislav Skacek, as head of the Department of Flowing Waters, was now a high priest of the huchen, and its survival depended largely on his continued interest.

My own trail to Ladislav, the old man and the huchen rivers of Czechoslovakia had started in a white-tiled room reeking of Formalin, deep in the underground warren of laboratories beneath the display halls of the British Museum in London. I had reasoned that while it isn't easy for an ordinary angler to make contact with sport fishermen in countries like Czechoslovakia, there is one group of men who can jump the ideological barrier with a lot less difficulty—academics whose subjects do not involve defense considerations. Zoologists, for example.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES ARMSTRONG



So I started with Dr. Atwyne Wheeler, perhaps the most eminent of British ichthyologists, and a passionately committed angler to boot. He really wanted to tell me about the trout-fishing trip he was planning in Spain, but I got what I wanted in the end. "Try Dr. Holcik at the Slovak Academy of Agricultural Sciences at Bratislava," he said, "and mention my name." It worked. Dr. Holcik's reply was encouraging. "I think your desire can be realized," he wrote. And he gave me the name and address of Ladislav Stacek.

Ladislav was very slow to respond to my letter, though. Weeks passed, and I began to think that the trail had gone cold. What I hadn't realized at the time was that it is very difficult indeed for a foreigner to get permission to go huchen fishing. Only 200 licenses are available for Slovak and Czech nationals and the bag limit for the season (now restricted to eight weeks) is just one fish. Much later, Ladislav was to say to me, "I knew from your letter you had huchen in your heart, not in your wallet." In other words, he didn't class me with the French and West German sporting agencies who constantly pestered him to arrange huchen trips for rich clients, and in the end I did hear from him, in mid-November of 1973, in a very positive way. "I recommend you to realize your visit," he wrote, "during the time for the 25th November up to the 10th December because later when it is cold and begin frosts huchen fishing is impos-

sible. Please let me know your arrival, I shall await you in Zilina on my address. And what is concerns of huchen fishing, for this we used the shorter and harder fishing rod, nylon 0.40mm [20-pound test] and big spoons. . . ."

The style was erratic, but the message was beautiful. A shorter and harder rod was not clearly identifiable in my collection, but into the tube went a two-handed nine-footer, a veteran of spring salmon fishing on the Tweed in Scotland. It might not be short enough, but a rod that could stop a 30-pound Atlantic in a heavy February spate certainly qualified as hard. With Ladislav's letter in my hand, I was issued a Czech visa on the spot at the London embassy. And on the last day of November 1973, in the last fading light of the winter's afternoon, I landed in Prague. A razor slash of icy wind cut into my face as I stepped onto the ground. Inside the terminal building there was more than a sufficiency of soldiers, not Czechs, with high fur collars and automatic pistols. But I was still euphoric with the thoughts of a huchen. At this point I saw that huchen as a trophy fish, something to chalk up on the scoreboard, to nail to the wall in triumph.

It was the simplest kind of angler's excitement. It stayed bubbling in me through the oppressive miles of high-rise apartment blocks, each precisely like its neighbor, and the dim street lamps until I was in still-magnificent old Prague, with the storybook castle sitting on a crag above it and the

continued

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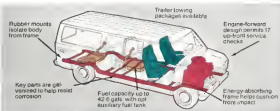
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lights dancing on the Vltava River. The Hotel Jalta was old Prague, too, all chandeliers and red plush from a 1930s Grand Hotel movie. So was the bell captain, a courteous old man who became animated beyond the polite call of duty when he saw my rod. He retained it in his hand while he sent a colleague up with the luggage. Where was I fishing? In Slovakia? For the *hlavatka* of course? Before the war, foreigners had sometimes come for the *hlavatka* fishing but no one for years now. The gentleman realized, no doubt, that he was talking to a true angler, also? Not, alas, for *hlavatka*. He had never had that opportunity. But for many years his quarry had been the great northern pike of the lakes of Bohemia and Moravia. There were some interesting problems in fishing for these pike...

It was a full half hour before I could follow my luggage upstairs, but when I unpacked I found I had more lures than I could possibly need on the trip, and on my way down to dinner I dropped some big Swedish pike spoons on the captain's desk, it being very difficult for Czechs to buy imported Western goods without hard currency. I didn't see him again, but in the morning the porter who brought down my luggage would not take a tip. "Those things you left gave my old comrade much pleasure," he said.

So my euphoria was still with me when I stepped out of the time machine of the Jalta into the gritty cold of Wenceslas Square. I had no clear idea of how to get to Ladislav's town of Zilina, but it looked prominent enough on the map. In Czechoslovakia you have to make travel arrangements through the state agency. "You must fly to Ostrava," the girl there said. "Then you must catch the train."

She was very positive about the itinerary—and half right. The Ostrava plane took off on time, an old prop job full of pale plump men in pale gray suits. It bumped erratically into what had become a wild, whirling blizzard, and when we bumped down onto the airfield, the snow was a foot deep and still coming down.

Ostrava, on the Polish border, is no place to be in a blizzard or, probably, at any other time. The bus floundered its way into the center of the city and stopped at the airline office. Its passengers, except me, dispersed purposefully. The euphoria was shivering in the cold and finally died when the man at the desk said that no, there was no train to Zilina. Who could have given me that idea? Outside, the main square of the small industrial city was too dimly lit for traffic safety, you would think, except that there was no traffic. The only patch of color was a long red banner with a picture of Lenin and some words in Slovak that presumably said he was a good guy. The snow melted, slid off my rod tube and formed a small pool that the office clerk studied silently for a while. It was less than 50 miles to Zilina, I reckoned. I asked the clerk if he would be kind enough to telephone for a cab.

"No taxi," he said perfunctorily. "Not this weather." He obviously wanted to close up shop and go home, but we huchen fishermen aren't put down easily, and I knew I had to stick with him because an English-speaking Czech is hard to find.

"I'll pay for the call," I offered, handing him a 20-ko-runa note, about \$2. He took it abstractedly, called a num-

ber and spoke some rapid Slovak. Finally he said, "A man will come and he will talk to you."

There are only a few fringe areas in which private enterprise continues to flourish behind the Curtain, but cab-drivers, that sophisticated and truly international race, operate in one of them. The battered black Moskvitch that eventually drew up was driven by a small, weedy-mustached man with the world-weary air that many of them have. With the aid of the clerk, we made a deal that included an immediate supper for the driver, a supper of goulash in town. It proved necessary to accompany this with several heavy shots of Old Jellyneck—100-proof Jelinek Slivovice, or plum brandy, a liquor which, my research later showed, plays an important part in Czechoslovakian life.

Under its kindly influence and the prospect of getting to Zilina that night, my euphoria returned for a while but was soon eroded again, first in a nightmare journey in the snow, a desperate four hours to cover the 50 miles, and then at my first glimpse of Zilina and the Hotel Polom, which was situated close to the clangor of the odorous chief building of the town, its railway station. Even the cabdriver excused himself from coming in for a drink at the Polom, and once inside you could see why. In my room, looking at the seaborous walls, the truckle bed, the cracked washbasin with the brass faucets rejected by some prison authority as being substandard, I touched bottom. A voice as desolate as a Kerry banshee's came howling out of the station's P.A. system and through my window announcing the departure of the 11:30 p.m. to Moscow in Slovak, Russian and German.

It was probably too late to go calling on Ladislav Skacel, but you have to be brave to be a huchen fisherman, even if it means bolstering your morale artificially. It was to counteract this kind of environment, I told myself, that the Czechs invented Old Jellyneck. I went down to the bar to see if they had any.

It is surprisingly quick-acting stuff. At 11:30 p.m. it had seemed a social error to call on Ladislav so late, but an hour later I was pointing out to myself that he would probably feel insulted if I didn't bother to show up that night. I went upstairs again, grabbed the duty-free Scotch I had carefully transported from London airport, got directions from the hotel clerk and set out into the darkness and the snow.

At first I thought my earlier instinct had been right. A lady, Mrs. Skacel clearly, answered the door after I had climbed up to the fifth floor. "Ladislav Skacel?" I inquired, in what I felt to be a smiling and urbane manner, my Scotch cradled prominently under my arm. There is no difficulty in understanding a sharp negative even if expressed in Slovak, and for perhaps three seconds I was wishing the bottle would turn into a dozen red roses. But, in fact, my timing was very near perfect, for just at that moment, whistling up the stairs came Skacel himself. Plainly he had been, as the Irish delicately put it, "visiting friends."

What is more, he still obviously conceived the night to be young. Ladislav was a small, dark, rely-poly figure of a man with an unmanagerial tendency to giggle a lot. He did as professional a job as ever I've seen in placating Mrs. S. She was all smiles in a minute, ushering me in and offering, with what I was soon to recognize as a fearsome inevitability, a glass of Jellyneck to me while Ladislav disappeared downstairs on an undisclosed errand.

It was disclosed soon enough. He had summoned up the whole apartment block. They arrived in twos and threes, comfortable-looking middle-aged ladies in curlers bearing liters of Slovak wine, teen-agers, grandfathers, a fat man with Bulgarian brandy, a thin one with what he claimed to be Hungarian whiskey. They jammed into the tiny apartment until there was hardly room to pass the Jellyneck. In installments, as he shouldered by with more booze and sausage that Mrs. S. was slicing in the kitchen with manic energy, Ladislav hurled confident messages at me about the next day's fishing. Sometimes he stopped with little offerings: a slice of cheese, a Czech fishing magazine with a full-page picture of himself hoisting a mighty huchen, and finally a small, redheaded girl with a very long nose—"because you are lonely," he said, giggling again. I had never been less lonely in my life.

We went back to the Hotel Polom in the morning. Ladislav and I, to collect my things. As I said, you have to be brave to be a huchen fisherman, and the greatest single act of valor I performed on that trip was to eat the breakfast Mrs. S. put in front of me after what couldn't have been more than three hours' sleep following the Jellyneck orgy. She had read somewhere that Anglo-Saxons indulged in hearty breakfasts and reasoned that I would expect one. So she had set out four boiled eggs, a good pound of sliced salami, a wedge of cheese and half an enormous loaf of bread. I ate it all with loud grunts of appreciation. A huchen fisher could do nothing less.

Ladislav and I drove out of town without talking much. The cheese, salami and eggs fought a better, silent war inside me, and an awful pallor that matched the snowbound landscape around us settled on Ladislav's face. After a few miles we stopped to pick up Dr. Karol Hensel, an ichthyologist from Bratislava. His colleague, Holcik, had told him of the huchen expedition and he was joining us because he had a professional interest in the species. Karol turned out to be a man you would be glad to have along on any fishing trip, charming and companionable, but, fighting my turbulent inner battle, I didn't see him that way immediately. He wore a jaunty Scotch-plaid cap and he kept telling me things about the huchen, a young, happy recruit who didn't know better than to chat away in front of veterans like Ladislav and me, who had been through so much together and even now were suffering in mutual silence. Slowly, though, he got through to me. What was killing off the huchen, he said, was not only pollution—the huchen could tolerate this better than some species, like grayling—but the destruction of the spawning beds, mainly by hydro plants. It had now reached the point where the fish had to be maintained artificially. They had tried stocking huchen in the Elbe and also in southwestern France, but the fish seemed to be doing best in Algeria, in mountain rivers.

Then, as we drove out to the corner of Slovakia where it is bordered on the north by Poland and to the south by Russia, he told me a fishing tale that broke through the fog of the night before. In 1972, he said, he had gone to Mongolia as part of a zoological team, and they camped out on the prairie on the banks of a river called the Shishid. "In the night," Karol said, "we heard heavy splashing, and the next day I went down and threw out a small dead fish on a length of catfish line. I caught five big huchen in

half an hour just putting the heavy cord line over my shoulder when they bit and walking away from the river. Each one was more than a yard long, but then I hooked one that destroyed my tick line. They were *huchen!* Not out *Hucho hucho*, but an Asian species that we hardly know anything of, *Hucho talien*. We think they may go up to 150 pounds in Mongolia. Nobody tries to catch them. The nomadic tribes there are Buddhist, and killing fish is taboo. Another time we took a small net, just three meters long, and worked it down the bank for 50 meters. When we hauled it there were 270 grayling. . . ."

I was figuring out how you organized a visa for Mongolia when I realized Ladislav had stopped the car. "Look!" he said tragically.

In front of us was the Vah, the biggest of the huchen rivers. It was almost completely iced over, except for a narrow lane in the middle dotted with miniature floes. To fish was clearly impossible. The hard weather had come early—later I learned that the temperature had gone down to 22° below. It looked as if there was no chance of my catching a huchen.

A stubborn, set look had come into Ladislav's face, though. "We will look further," he said, and so we did. That bitter day we drove 200 miles over icy roads finding river after river icebound—the Turiec, the Orava, the Dunajec, the Poprad, the Hornad. We had moved into wilder and wilder country, the foothills of the Carpathians with goosegrils out of Grimm's Fairy Tales in the village streets. As the light started to fail, close to the Polish border, we turned off the main road onto a forestry track that ran alongside the frozen Dunajec River, past a crumbling, romantic ruin. "Cerveny Kloster," Ladislav said. "That's the Red Monastery. Or it was in the old days." It was a deep, claustrophobic valley, a cleft in jagged rocks with pines climbing into mist. In one place some freak of physics had left a patch of water clear of ice, a patch the size of a bigger-than-average bathroom. "Would you like me to take a picture," Ladislav asked, "so that you can show them at home?"

It seemed a little pointless, but I struggled into my boots and set up my tackle, tied on a spoon and cast it maybe 15 feet to the edge of the ice as a trial while Ladislav focused his camera.

Only Karol and Ladislav believe me about what happened next. You can fish a mouth for huchen without seeing one. In the only clear patch of water in the whole of Slovakia a fish of about 20 pounds came slamming out from under the ice and grabbed my lure. Then it spoiled a most unlikely fishing story by jumping twice and throwing the hook.

"Next year, perhaps?" said Ladislav.

So it was the following morning that I went to the hatchery before heading for home, and Ladislav teased the big brood fish with dead trout. "If you are writing about this," he said, "will you tell people about the problem we have?"

The hatchery system, which Samo Ivaska has devoted his life to and which is now managed by the Department of Fish Ponds, has been exposed to a new threat in the last few years. Unhappily, in Czechoslovakia there is not the sensitivity to ecological problems that has grown in the West in recent years. Filling production norms is more important than *Hucho hucho*. A stone quarry is operating within

continued

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50 yards of the hatchery. The detonations are bad, but much worse is the stone dust that descends on the ponds, blinding some of the brood fish and choking fry. A new hatchery seems the only solution, but state aid cannot be counted on and the cost might be 20 million Czech koruna—about \$2 million. "Do you think there's a chance that the World Wildlife Fund might help us? Or UNESCO?" Ladislav asked. I couldn't give him an answer to that.

My own huchen story didn't end at this point, though. During 1974 Ladislav and I exchanged letters in a desultory way, and I was hopeful that he would make a firm invitation again. He did better than that. In September one of his bombshell letters arrived. "Hearty greetings," it said. "The best time for new attempt to catch *Hucho hucho* is before beginning of official season. I have planned the term from 29th October to 1st November. Karol agrees . . . please write to me by return mail if you agree with this term." Write? I had a wire off to him before breakfast. It might be cheating a little, but who was I to argue with the head of the Department of Flowing Waters?

In the end, for all Ladislav's helpfulness, I wasn't allowed to cheat. Forty-eight hours before my flight came an international telegram. "Do not to Zilina," it said woefully. "Here are terrible inundations." Weeks of torrential rain in Central Europe had sent the huchen rivers spilling over their banks. There was nothing to be done about it. In frustration, I slammed a lot of surf-casting tackle into the car, got on the ferry to Ireland and took out my feelings on the beaches of Kerry. I was still there when new word came from Ladislav. The rivers had gone down, though they weren't exactly right yet. We could try if I didn't mind risking the weather, for by now we were almost into December again.

Yes, I wanted to try. I wired him. The salmon rod went into the tube again. The same bell captain was still behind the desk of the Hotel Jalta, and he had caught a 15-pound pike on one of the Swedish spoons. This time, though, I caught the Moscow Express from Prague, seven hours to Zilina and no dining car. You still had to be brave to be a huchen fisher. It was snowing in Zilina—probably it had never stopped—and nobody had spent any money on the Hotel Polom in the interval. This time, however, I thought it wiser not to disturb Ladislav late at night.

It seemed to be a more sober occasion altogether, possibly because my feelings about *Hucho hucho* were somewhat more ambivalent than they had been. They didn't seem to be just trophy fish anymore. I still wanted to catch one, but only because I wanted to know the species better. I wanted the experience of a take and I wanted to look at one closely, enjoy the sight of it.

Next morning we went straight to the Turiec. The snow was deep and it still came down spasmodically, but the river was clear, nearly bank-high.

May be fittingly, no huchen came to my rod that first day. Ladislav and a friend he had brought took one apiece, but we were widely separated and the fish were released before I could see them.

That night Karol arrived from Bratislava and he had a surprise for us. He was finished with catfish lines. He had invested in a rod and reel. The rod was bright blue and telescoped down to 18 inches. When Ladislav saw it, he

said something devastating in Slovak, but Karol smiled beatifically and no longer pretended he was with us purely out of scientific interest. There was a certain amount of Jellyneck in the evening's reunion but we went to bed early. Next morning we were to fish the Orava.

The Orava was a much bigger river than the Turiec, but it seemingly had its disadvantages. "You must be careful," Ladislav said. "Sometimes they release water from the dam and the river shoots up one meter. That upsets the huchen and perhaps you as well."

I waded shallow and cast long all morning, glancing upstream occasionally, looking out for such indicators as twigs and leaves suddenly swirling down or maybe a wall of white water. But nothing happened. We worked downstream, and after a few hours I was casting my bait, a small dead cyprinid fish mounted to wobble, as mechanically as a tired gambler pulling the handle of a slot machine. And then I became a lucky tired gambler: I won the jackpot.

I had dropped down to a bend in the river where a big gravel bank was exposed in midstream, and here, discouragingly in effect if not in logic, the Orava ran close to some kind of factory. I dropped the hut into the swirl at the tail of the bank. It traveled a couple of feet and was stopped hard. It would be pleasant but dishonest to write that the reel screamed and that 50 yards away a living bar of silver clawed its way skyward, as they say.

But this was a small huchen, about eight pounds, and I was loaded for a possible 50-pounder. In fact it surprised me by buzzing off a few yards against a fairly tight drag, but all it could do after that was splash in a frenzy until I got it into the shallows and beached it.

That was not how I won the jackpot, though. I unhooked and released my huchen and immediately caught another a couple of pounds larger. I let him go, cast again and caught a third, 12 pounds I reckoned. Three huchen in 10 minutes, and you can go a season without seeing one. That was certainly jackpot standard, and I was glad I had an audience for the last two. Ladislav had arrived. That evening rather more Jellyneck was drunk and this was when Ladislav made his remark about me having huchen in my heart, not my wallet, so I hope he meant it.

We went back to the Turiec next day, the last for fishing, and I caught two more huchen. Lying in the snow they were beautiful fish. It would have been good to catch a 50-pounder, but, oddly, I was perfectly happy with my small fish, with seeing them swim away in the dark, cold water. We went back to Martin before I left the country. Samo Ivaska was still propped up in his bed, still warning to talk about the great salmon of the Danube system. The hatchery had deteriorated. There were only three brood fish left. Maybe it would have been good, after all, to have caught a big hen huchen just to get it safely to the hatchery.

It was still snowing in Zilina when Karol and Ladislav saw me off on the night train to Prague. "You'll write about our fish, then?" Ladislav called after me.

Well, so I have. But it might be worth saying again that *Hucho hucho*, one of the world's great, if least-known sport fish, is seriously imperiled, a fish that, given a solid base of recovery, could stock and enhance rivers in temperate climates all over the world. We don't have so many of them that a species can be lightly discarded.

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Yesterday

by GEORGE GIPE

BICYCLES SET OFF A BLOOMER BOOM BECAUSE UNIPEDS COULD NOT PEDAL

After a long period of relative neglect, the bicycle has been enjoying a revival lately. But recent tributes invariably overlook the bike's most significant contribution to the society in which we live: it gave the American woman a second leg.

Before the 1890s, by which time bicycling—or "wheeling" had become practical and popular, the typical, morally upright American woman was a uniped. No professor of comparative anatomy would actually admit this in print, but it was nevertheless a fact of life in America, as well as in most other Western countries. All you had to do to confirm it was observe the physical conduct of the sexes. The pre-1890s man flaunted his two-leggedness by wearing tight-fitting trousers, frequently crossing his legs while seated, and walking with long strides as if to emphasize how far he could spread his two separate and distinct appendages. When he mounted a horse, he casually threw one leg across the animal's back and rode astride his mount.

In sharp contrast, the normal woman was forced to sit bolt upright in her floor-length skirt with her feet together (strangely, like the male of the species, she possessed two feet rather than a single foot, as might have been expected). When she walked, her gait was mincing, like that of a trained seal, and when she rode a horse it was side-saddle, in a manner that not only diminished her security and comfort, but practically wore holes in the poor creature's back.

There were a few exceptions, of course. It was rumored that in Paris some women of the stage had two legs and actually displayed their bipedality before delighted male audiences. Men jammed theaters and cafes night after night to gawk at these anatomical marvels.

Less worldly Americans simply preferred not to admit that women possessed two "limbs," as they were called then. Accepting this myth was a relatively simple matter until the bicycle came along.

Then a startling fact emerged. It was not—and still is not—possible for a one-legged creature to ride a bicycle. A horse, couch, streetcar, yes. But not a bicycle.

To properly manipulate the pedals, the rider must have two separate limbs. Those limbs must be clothed in a garment, bloomers, for example, that allows them to operate independently and, therefore, reveal to complete strangers the bipedality of the rider. Still worse, the limbs must work in a manner that tends to emphasize the contours of the upper thigh and the hemispheric undulations of the buttocks. Horrors! What was to be done? At first, women were simply told that bicycling was not ladylike and they could not engage in it. In Flushing, N.Y., a school board resolved that it was immoral for any young lady to ride a bicycle, and further noted that, when the lady happened to be a teacher, "the practice had a tendency to create immorality among the children of both sexes." Alarmed, Justice of the Peace William Sutton added a more specific resolution that banned women teachers from "riding to and from the school room."

But the new sport was growing, and the young men yearned for company. In desperation, women tried everything, from riding in their traditional full skirts to donning hideous, huggy Zouave trousers or special split skirts. In February of 1895 Mrs. Frank Sittig announced an exhibition of her new duplex bicycle skirt. The models were to be Eva A. McKean, the talented young elocutionist, and Vietta Huyler, the well-known amateur actress. On the great day the elocutionist and the actress pedaled decorously around the floor of a rink in Brooklyn, wearing a combination of skirt and trousers later adjudged by *The New York Times* to be "an ideal suit for cycling, to which even the most prudish could not object."

What most people had been objecting to and what the designers of exotic bicycling costumes had been trying to supplant were bloomers, though one manufacturer of the offending garments claimed earnestly that his product was preferable to skirts "on principles of decorum, hygiene and safety." He added that the average bloomer suit was "far more modest than the average bathing or opera dress," to say nothing of the fact that bloomers had the added advantage of being fastened at the bottom, "so as to keep out the mud."

But none of this was of any use to Lilly Drew. In July of 1895 Miss Drew was pedaling along the street in Walton, N.Y., wearing her new bloomers, or "rationals," when she encountered her fiancé, Frank Hammond. The young man gasped with indignation and delivered a tirade against "the most abominable outfit a girl ever wore." In response, Lilly promptly handed him his engagement ring and pedaled away, vowing that she would remain single rather than promise to abandon her new costume.

In Mason, Ohio that same week, a young organist named Ada Coleman rode to church in flaming red rationals, marched defiantly down the center aisle and settled herself in her accustomed place. She began to play the introduction to the hymn, *If he are these or bright as sun . . .* but before she even reached the point where the minister says, "Please sing," half the congregation had stalked out of the church.

And so it went in Delaware County, N.Y., a farmer put up notices reading, ANY GIRL OF THE NEW WOMEN SPORTS FOUND RIDING OR WALKING ON THESE PREMISES WILL BE ARRESTED. Asked to describe an "idiot of the new women species," the farmer defined her as "one of these fools in bloomer costume on a wheel." Even the presumably sophisticated actress Sarah Bernhardt objected to bicycle morality because, "it brings young people together in conditions unfavorable to strict surveillance." That sort of permissiveness was all right for the lax republic of the United States, she added, but she hated to "see French maidens subjected to similar influences."

French authorities apparently were determined to wipe out these insidious influences. Paris police were rumored to have arrested women in bicycling apparel who were not actually engaged in wheeling. The basic assumption seems to have been that two-leggedness while moving was not as untoward as two-leggedness while standing still, sitting or lying down.

It was *The New York Times* that finally turned out to be sophisticated, or at least resigned. With all that bicycling and "brauteness of bloomers" going on, the paper in 1895 predicted, "It is quite within the possibilities that the twentieth century may usher in a race of untrousered men and avowedly two-legged women."

The Times was correct, at least on one count. END

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CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE

Sir:

Score a big one for SI and Curry Kirkpatrick (*Cought in a Spider's Web*, Feb. 17). The colorful commentary and cover picture gave Dave (Spider) Meyers the kind of national recognition he richly deserves. Curry also mentioned something we fans on the West Coast have known for some time, the Pac-8 is the best basketball conference in the country.

If UCLA and Indiana are fortunate enough to meet in the NCAA finals in San Diego late this month, it should be a very good game.

JON G. SCRAFFCK, D.D.S.
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's fine article was about a good basketball conference, but not the best in the land. If he were to devote a little time to the Atlantic Coast Conference, he would have an article about the best. Four of the seven ACC teams are in the nation's top 20—the Pac-8 can't match that and speaking of records against nonconference foes, 67-16 isn't that bad.

BRIAN HILTON
Columbia S.C.

LOW NOTE

Sir:

Holy Jazz, SI, I can hardly believe that you spent 2½ pages of your Feb. 17 issue on the New Orleans Jazz (*Manuscript and All Those Jazs*). You mean to tell me that with all the other better NBA teams—Washington, Boston or Golden State, to name a few—New Orleans can work itself into your magazine? Stories like that are just not music to my ears.

MICHAEL KANE
Vermont, Va.

Sir:

Thank you, Pat Putnam. It's about time something constructive was said about Pistol Pete. Contrary to popular belief, the fortunes or misfortunes of the team do not rest on Maravich's shoulders alone. After all, he doesn't wear a cape.

I agree with Coach Butch van Breda Kolff that the fan enjoys the beauty of a good pass or fast break. He should also realize that "pure scoring" and "hurling your way for a layup" win ball games, and that would please any Jazz fan. Fire away, Pistol!

GLORIA PHILIPS
St. Albans, W. Va.

STEELERS' YEAR

Sir:

Re the wonderful article by Roy Blount Jr. ("You're a Part of All This", Feb. 17). I am glad to know that the Pittsburgh Steelers were able to celebrate their championship in such style, and with a leader like Joe Greene. After that fantastic victory in the Super Bowl, they ought to celebrate for the rest of the year.

JAMES LIEBECKI
Warren, N.J.

IN THIS CORNER

Sir:

Mark Kram's enlightening piece *The One-Minute Angels* (Feb. 17) truly cornered the behind-the-scenes genius of boxing's sutch and stich men. The talents of Angelo Dundee, Eddie Futch, Gil Clancy and the late Charley Goldman are too often neglected, and far too little has been written of their exploits. The article was, if you can excuse the obvious quip, a cut above the rest.

JAMES MIRONA
Warren, R.I.

NEWCOMERS

Sir:

Congratulations on your article about the Los Angeles Kings (*Wayfar Who Dare to Darken Doors*, Feb. 10). They are one of four expansion teams (Vancouver, Philadelphia and Buffalo being the other three) vying for dynastial titles in the NHL this season, and I'm glad you recognize them. Expansion is the best thing to happen to hockey since the slap shot.

GREG PRINCE
Fayetteville, Ga.

VIOLENT HOCKEY (CONT.)

Sir:

I am not really a hockey fan, but friends keep telling me what an exciting game it is. On Feb. 6 I decided to watch the Rangers and Flyers on TV. After some six-plus minutes of the first period, the Rangers had recovered more than half an hour of penalties (32 minutes, to be exact), the Flyers a total of 28 minutes. Each team had a player ejected for game misconducts, and more than five fights had taken place.

I've followed your comments about the fighting in the NHL, but this game was beyond belief. Perhaps the NHL would do better to replace the Bobby Clarkes with the Muhammad Alis. The final blow was the commentary by Ranger announcer Jim Gordon and Bill Chadwick, exclaiming

about all the "action and excitement." Amazing! How many rounds must a team win to gain victory? This is hockey! Thanks, but no thanks. I'll stick with basketball and football, games that include roughness, but whose goal is scoring, not hurting.

ROBERT L. SEGAL
Trenton, N.J.

MOST DEMANDING SPORTS

Sir:

I feel that you have overlooked an obvious corollary of that little-known fact you mentioned in the item "Hardest Rows to Hoe" (SCORECARD, Feb. 10). If ballet is the most demanding discipline physically, then surely figure skating is the most demanding sport. On the basis of 10 years' personal experience, I would list endurance, flexibility, coordination, agility, balance, intelligence and creativity as essential requirements (three points each on Dr. Paul Hunsacker's scale). Not as obvious, but still very necessary, are strength and body type (two points each), giving figure skating an overall rating of 25. Toller Cranston may be the world's greatest athlete.

JOHN MEUNIK JR.
Boston

Sir:

You report a low rating for hiking, but Dr. Hunsacker might change his view if he read *The Path to Rome* by Hilary Belloc. This masterpiece gives a detailed description of the efforts involved in walking, without any assistance from car, train, bike, horse, donkey or cow, from Bellport to Rome, diagonally across Switzerland. I have done the Swiss part of the walk in about a fortnight in the same conditions described by Belloc, except that I always slept in a bed while he often slept out as the open. But he was 30 when he did the walk and I was 60 when I followed in his footsteps. That was some 15 years ago. I am quite ready to do it all over again.

HAROLD KING
Paris

Sir:

Any thinking that shows *fasting* above hiking with respect to "fitness, health and work capacity" obviously has a flaw in it.

ROBERT E. CAIN
San Diego

Sir:

You have neglected to mention a most demanding, creative and growing sport, gymnastics.

movies. Using the statistics provided by Dr. Hummcker, I arrive at a point total equal to the 23 given to basketball.

JUDITH MILLER

Whitehall, Pa.

• Dr. Hummcker ranks gymnastics very low on intelligence and creativity but gives it a total of 20 points, the same amount as diving and judo — I D.

FRUSTRATED EFFORT

Sir

I wish to thank you and especially Ron Reid for a fine article on Doughty Stornes and high jumping (*The Record Didn't Measure It*, Feb. 17). As a jumper now in college, I can readily understand Stornes' unhappiness over the officiating. Men who are more experienced should be assigned to these specialized events. There is nothing more frustrating than making a superior jump only to find that the height was measured incorrectly. Such an occurrence at Stornes' level of competition is inexcusable.

CHRIS CLEMENTS

College Station, Texas

MARATHON SWIMMER

Sir

Thank you for a beautifully written piece on an incredible woman, Lynne Cox (*Cox's one Conquest a Foul Sea*, Feb. 17). How refreshing it is to read a story written by a man about a woman that does not go on about the color of her hair or how she looked in her bathing suit. Sam Moses' shoe job almost makes up for your Jan. 27 cover.

LINDA FUSHEMY

Freeland, Md.

MORE FROM THE HOMEFRONT

Sir

Once again you have provided twofold entertainment with your bathing suit article (*OH! Gosh, Those Goddesses*, Jan. 27). Not only do your readers get an esthetically pleasing feature, they also get the personally entertaining response from other readers (Feb. 10). The uproar is almost as enjoyable as the articles themselves. Keep them coming, please.

RICHARD A. LOVEL

Providence

Sir

I wondered if you received any flak from school principals about the photographs that accompanied the article *The Men and the Fish* in your Oct. 14 issue. Didn't they consider the pictures of the bodybuilders just as revealing?

ROSE SCHMEIDER

Park Ridge, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPH BY

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15TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:

I will never understand why people continue to criticize your covers of the girls in bathing suits. Magazines can show people starving in Biafra or being blown open in Vietnam and there is no criticism. I, for one, would rather see your cover any time.

JUDY DUNHAM

Coraopolis, Pa.

Sir:

I am a high school student and athlete, and I thought the article was excellent. The girls were not the usual pin-ups but very refreshing models. The world is full of different kinds of taste, and I thought you showed good taste.

JOE HILLEN

Davis, Calif.

Sir:

Your Jan. 27 issue had some of the most attractive athletes seen in a long time, but let's get back to baseball, football, hockey and other sports.

JEROME S. ABRAHAM, M.D.

Burlington, Vt.

MUZZLE-LOADERS

Sir:

Many thanks for Robert F. Jones' article on the resurgence of hunting with muzzle-loading weapons (*Putting Some Jan into the Gun*, Feb. 10). Too often the media devote to the Bambi-lovers' tune, it is a ray of sunshine to find in a major publication a statement revealing some of the joys of hunting. They are many.

Hunting is one of the rare ways in which a sportsman can put his skills against his environment without seriously endangering it. In fact, hunters harvest a sufficient amount of game to prevent overpopulation, and the money from license fees and equipment-purchase taxes provides financing for wildlife study and management.

Those of us who love hunting enjoy the thrill of the stalk or the chase and bring out in the few wild areas left by the urbanizers and the subsidizers. Game in the freezer is but an additional bonus. The return of the muzzle-loader makes the hunt more personally fulfilling.

CARL E. BRAUN

Windsor, Vt.

Sir:

Robert F. Jones, normally a perceptive and gifted writer, is guilty of a cheap shot in his article when he refers to those of us who are disenchanted with hunting as "Bambi-lovers." Would Jones consider it possible that we are as concerned about the killing of dogs, cows, other hunters and normal people as we are about Bambi?

JAMES R. SCURTHORN JR.

Hanover, N.H.

CONNORS' RACKET

Sir:

I enjoyed Joe Jones' line story on the events of the Jimmy Connors-Rod Laver encounter (4 *You-Are-Not-Bought Into the Jackpot*, Feb. 10). However, I must address myself to the statement about Jimmy's racket, "T-2000s are available to the public, but they aren't quite the same. The company makes up Connors' specially for him."

Jimmy switched from a wood racket to the T 2000 soon after it was introduced in 1967. During the past few years a few modifications in the construction of the frame were made, primarily to improve its durability. The adjustments were so slight the average player would find it difficult to distinguish the improved one from the original model.

Jimmy prefers to continue using frames identical to the one with which he started. We are well aware that it is important for a player to have confidence in his racket, so we put aside a substantial quantity of the original model for him. This model is still being used by countless thousands of players.

GENE J. BEWICK

Director, Tennis Promotion
Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

River Grove, Ill.

NO SWEAT (CONT.)

Sir:

In answer to a letter in your Feb. 3 issue, the late Emil Von Elling, while coaching track at NYU, allowed his athletes a 60-second shower; 30 seconds to get wet, 30 seconds to soap up and 20 seconds to rinse off. It was his feeling you could wash a workout right down the drain.

Worse, however, is any chill you might incur from taking this unnecessary shower. Dr. Alexander Leaf in studying the people of Yucatan, some of the longest-lived in the world, found that many had not bathed for two years and the record was 10 years.

If health and long life are my concern, I'm not going to worry about my neighbor's nose.

GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

Red Bank, N.J.

Sir:

I find myself in almost daily contact (in elevators, subways, etc.) with what seems to be a plethora of Dr. George Sheehan's fanatical faithful who believe a "Saturday night bath is obligation enough." My candid observation is that the good doctor should consult a doctor, his nose is in deep trouble.

DECK STERN

New York City

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